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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Tragedy of Hoffman

OR

A Revenge for a Father

[by Henry Chettle.]

Date of only known original edition 1631

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Tragedy of Hoffman

OR

A Revenge for a Father

[by HENRY CHETTLE.]

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Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

MCMXIII

A.27918H

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OR

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[BY HENRY CHETTLE.]

1631

"Hoffman" is the only one of the thirteen plays known to have been written wholly by Chettle that was printed. It was published without the author's name and is regarded as very corrupt. This facsimile is from the British Museum example.

On the evidence of "Henslowe's Diary," Chettle was a most voluminous playwright. He had a hand in no fewer than thirty-six plays, in conjunction with one or other, or others, of thirteen contemporary dramatists. Full biographical and bibliographical details will be found in "The Dictionary of National Biography," s.v. Chettle.

This facsimile from the original copy is satisfactorily done.

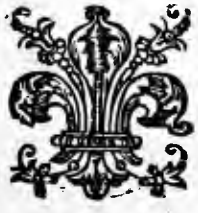
JOHN S. FARMER.

THE TRAGEDY OF HOFFMAN

OR

A Reuenge for a Father.

As it hath bin diuers times acted with great applauſe, at the *Phenix* in *Druery-lane*.



LONDON,
Printed by *I. N.* for *Hugh Perry*, and are to bee ſold at his ſhop, at the ſigne of the *Harrow* in *Britaines-burſe*. 1631.

TO HIS MVCH

Honored Friend, Maſter *Richard Kiluert.*

Sir

I Know you, and in that your worth, which I honour more, then greatneſſe in a Patron: this Tragedy hapning into my hands, I haue now aduentured it vnto the Preſſe, and wanting both a Parent to owne it, and a Patron to protect it, am fayne to act the Fathers part, and haue aduentured to addreſſe it vnto your Worthy ſelfe; vnder whoſe wings it flyes for a new birth: it hath paſſed the Stage already with good applauſe, and I doubt not, but from you it ſhall receiue a kinde welcome, who haue alwaies bin a true Fauourer of Artes and Learning; and from your ſelfe I haue receiued ſo many noble curteſies, that I ſhall alwayes reſt

Yours to command

HVGH PERRY.

Hoffman

Lorrique

Otho

Ferdinand

Rhodovick

Lodovick

Matthias

Jerome

Phill.

BRITISH MUSEUM

The Tragedy of Hoffman.

Enter Hoffman.

Hoffman.

HEnce Clouds of melancholy
Ile be no longer ſubiect to your miſmes,
But thou deare ſoule, whoſe nerues and artires
In dead reſoundings ſummon vp reuenge,
And thou ſhalt hate, be but appeas'd ſweete hearſe
The dead remembrance of my liuing father *ſtrikes ope a curtaine where appeares a boy.*
And with a hart as aire, ſwift as thought
I'le excuſe iuſtly in ſuch a cauſe
Where truth leadeth, what coward would not fight
Ill acts moue ſome, but myne's a cauſe is right *thunder and lightning.*
See the powers of heauen in apparitions
And fight full aſpects as inſenſed
That I thus tardy am to doe an act
which iuſtice and a fathers death exites;
Like threatening methors antedates deſtruction. *thunder*
Againe I come, I come, I come,
Bee ſilent thou effigies of faire virtue
That like a goodly ſyen wear't pluckt vp
By murderous, winds, infectious blaſts and guſts

I will not leaue thee, vntill like thy ſelfe,
I'ue made thy enemies, then hand in hand
Wee'le walke to paradiſe —— againe more bleſt
Ile to yon promonts top, and their ſuruey,
What ſhipwrackt paſſengers the belgique ſea
Caſts from her ſomy entrailes by miſchance.
Roare ſea and winds, and with celeſtiall fires,
Quicken high proiects, with your higheſt deſires.

Enter Lorrique.

Lo. Yet this is ſomewhat like, but brambles, you are to buſie, were I at *Luningberge*, and you catcht me thus, I ſhould goe neere to aske you at whoſe ſuit, but now I am out of ſent, And feare no ſeriants, for I thinke theſe woods and waters are common wealthes that need no ſuch ſubiects nay they keepe not a Conſtable at ſea, but a mans ouerwhelmd without order. —— Well, dry land I loue thee, though thou ſwarme with millions of deuourers, yet haſt thou no ſuch ſwallow as the ſea.

Hoff. Thou lyeſt, there liues vpon the earth more beaſts
With wide deuouring throates, then can bee found
Of rauenous fiſhes in the Ocean:
The huge Leuiathan is but a ſhrimpe
Compar'd with our Balena on the land

Lo. I am of your mind; but the Whale has a wide mouth
To ſwallow fleeting waters, and poore fiſh,

Hoff. But we haue Epicures and Cormorants,
Whom neyther ſea, nor land can hardly ſerue
They feed them fat, while armes and honour ſtarue,
Deſart lookes pale as death, like thoſe bare bones.

Lo. Ha —— amazd.

Hoff. Seeſt thou them trembling, ſlaue heere were Armes?
That ſeru'd the troath leſſe ſtate of *Luningberge*.

Lo. So doe I ſir ſerue the dukes ſonne of the ſtate,

Hoff. Ha, ha, I laugh to ſee how daſtard feare
Haſtens the death doomd wretch to his diſtreſſe,

Say didſt thou ſerue the duke of *Luningberge.*
Lo. His ſonne *O tho* ſir, I'me a poore follower of his
And my maſter is ayring of himſelfe at your Cell,
Hoff. Is he that ſcapt the wracke young *Luningberge?*
Lo. I ſir, the ſame ſir, you are in the right ſir.
Hoff. Reuenge I kiſſe thee, vengeance y'are at liberty,
Wouldſt thou hauing loſt a father as I haue,
Whoſe very name diſſolues my eyes to teares
Could duty and thy loue ſo different proue,
Not to auenge his death whoſe better part
Was thine, thou his, when he fell part of thee
Fell with him each drop, being part thine owne
And wouldſt not be reveng'd;
Lor. Yes on the murtherer,
Hoff. On him, or anie man that is allied
Has but one ounce of blood, of which hees part
He was my father, my hart ſtill bleeds
Nor can my wounds be ſtopt, till an inciſion,
I'ue made to bury my dead father in:
Therefore without protraction, ſighing, or excuſes
Sweare to be true, to ayd aſſiſt me, not to ſtirre
Or contradict me in any enterpriſe
I ſhall now vndertake, or heareafter.
Lor. I ſweare.
Hoff. Were I perſwaded that thou couldſt ſhed teares,
As doth the Egyptian ſerpents neere the Nile;
If thou wouldſt kiſſe and kill, imbrace and ſtabbe,
Then thou ſhouldſt liue, for my inuentiue braine
Hath caſt a glorious project of reuenge
Euen as thou kneel'ſt, wilt thou turne villaine ſpeake.
Lor. Oh ſir when was I otherwiſe, from my creation nothing elſe, I was made of no other ſtuffe, villany is my onely patrimony: though I bee an irreligious ſlaue, yet I beare a religious name, though I want courage, yet in talke, I'le put them all downe, though I haue nothing in me that is good:
Yet i'le ——

Hoff. Forbeare thy Lord is comming ile go in
And royally prouide for ſuch a Prince,
Say thou haſt met the kindeſt hoſt aliue,
One that adores him, with no leſſe zeale
Then rich men gold, or true religious heauen
Diſſemble cunningly, and thou ſhalt prooue
the minion of my thoughts, friend to my loue. *Exit.*

Lor. Well ſir ne're feare me. this is an excellent fellow
A true villaine fitter for me then better company,
This is Hannce *Hoffmans* ſonne.
that ſtole downe his fathers Anotamy from the gallowes at *Leningberge*, I 'tis the ſame vpon the dead ſcull ther's the iron
Crowne that burnt his braines out, what will come of this, I
neyther know nor care: but here comes my lord.

Enter Otho.

How chers my moſt noble, my moſt honorable, my moſt
gracious; yea my moſt grieued prince.

Otho A fearefull ſtorme

Lor. And full of horror.

Otho Truſt me *Lorrique* beſides the inlie griefe
That ſwallowes my content when I perceiue
How greedily the feirce vnpitying ſea, and waues,
Deuour'd our friends another trouble greeues my vexed eyes
With gaſhtly apperitions, ſtrange aſpects
Which eyther I doe certainely behold
Or elſe my ſoule deuining ſome ſad fate
Fills my imaginary powers with ſhapes
Hidious and horrid.

Lor. My lord let your hart haue no commerce with that
Mart of idle imaginations, rouſe vp your nobleneſſe
To apprehend comfort, kindneſſe eaſe and what otherwiſe
Entertain'd ſo ſollitary a place as this, can the
Antient ſubiect of the ſtate of *Leningberg* collect
Tis I take it the ſonne to that Viz-admirall that
Turn'd a terrible pirate.

Otho Let vs turne backe into the ſea againe

Yealding

Yealding our bodies to the ruthles ſound
That hath diuided vs and our late friends
Rather then ſee choyce *Hoffman.*
Lor, Corrage braue *Otho,* hee'l vſe thee kindly.
Enter Hoffman.
Heere he comes, ſweete hoſt heere is the dukes heire of
Leningberge doe homage and after entertaine him and me his
Follower with the moſt conſpicitious pleaſures
That lies in thy poore hability.
Hoff. Before I ſpeake to my moſt ſacred Lord
I ioyne my ſoft lipps to the ſollid earth
And with an honord benniſon I bleſſe
The hower, the place, the time of your arriue
For now my ſauadge life, lead amongſt beaſts
Shalbe turn'd ciuell by your gratious helpe
Otho I ſee thy true hearts loue drope downe in teares
And this imbrace ſhewes I am free from feares
My diſturb'd blood runnes ſmoothly through my veines
And I am bold to call thee friend, bold to intreate
Food for by wrack I haue loſt ſhip, friends and meat.
Hoff. You that attend my Lord enter the caue
Bring forth the homely Cakes theis hands prepar'd
While I intreat his excellence ſit downe
Villaine bring nothing buta burning Crowne. *Exit.*
Otho What's that thou bidſt him bring, a burning Crowne
Hoff. Still you ſuſpect my harmeleſſe inocence
What though your father with the power ſtate
And your iuſt vncle duke of *Bruſia*
After my father had in thirty fights
Fill'd all their treaſures with ſomens ſpoyles
And payd poore ſouldiors from his treaſury
What though for this his merrits he was nam'd
A preſcript out law for a little debt
Compeld to flie into the Belgique ſound
And liue a pirate.
Otho Prithee ſpeake no more

Thou

Thou rayſeſt new doubts in my troubled heart
By repetition of thy fathers wrongs
Hoff. Then hee was wrong'd you graunt but not by you,
You vertuous gentleman
Sate like a iuſt Iudge of the vnder-ſhades,
And with an vnchang'd Rhadamantine looke,
Beheld the fleſh mangled with many ſcars
Par'd from the bones of my offended father
And when hee was a bare anatomy,
You ſaw him chain'd vnto the common gallowes,
Otho Hoffman.
Hoff. Nay heare me patiently kind Lord
My innocent youth as guilty of his ſinne,
Was in a dungeon hidden from the ſunne,
And there I was condemn'd to endleſſe night
Except I paſt my vow neuer to ſteale
My fathers fleſhles bones from that baſe tree
I know not who it was, I gueſſe your mother,
She kneeld and wept for me, (but you did not)
Beſeeching from that vow I might be freed
Then did I ſweare if Nations forraigne power
Compel'd me to take downe thoſe naked bones
I neuer would releaſe them from thoſe chaines
Neuer intombe them, but immediately
Remoue them from that gallowes to a tree
I kept mine oath: looke *Luningberg*; tis done
Behold a father hang'd vp by his ſonne
Otho Oh horrible aſpect murtherer ſtand off
I know thou meanſt mee wronge
Hoff. My Lord behold theſe pretious twines of light
Burnt out by day eclipſt when as the ſunne
For ſhame obſcur'd himſelfe this deed was done
Where none but ſchrich owles ſung, thou receptacle
thou organ of the ſoule;
Reſt, goe reſt, and you moſt louely Couplets
Leggs and armes reſide, for euer heere

This

This is my laſt farewell, what doe you weepe?
Otho Oh *Lorrique* I am betrayd, ſlaue touch me not
Hoff. Not touch thee? yes, and thus trip downe thy pride.
You pla'ct my father in a Chaire of ſtare:
This earth ſhall bee your throne, villaine come forth
Enter Lorrique.
And as thou mean'ſt to ſaue thy forfeit life,
Fixe on thy Maſters head my burning Crowne,
While in theſe Cords, I in eternall bands
Binde faſt his baſe and coward trembling hands.
Otho Lorrique, art thou turn'd villaine to my life.
Lor. Ile turne any thing ſir rather then nothing, I was taken, life promiſt to betray you, and I loue life ſo well, that I would not looſe it for a Kingdome, for a Kings Crowne, an Empire.
Hoff. On with the Crowne.
Otho Oh tortor aboue meaſure.
Hoff. My father felt this paine, when thou hadſt pleaſure.
Otho Thy father dyed for piracy.
Ho. Oh peace, had he bin iudge himſelfe, he would haue ſhew'd
He had bin clearer then the Chriſtall morne!
But wretches ſentenc'd neuer finde defence,
How euer guiltleſſe bee their innocence,
No more did hee, no more ſhalt thou, no ruth
Pittied his winter age, none helps thy youth.
Otho Oh *Lorrique* tortor, I feele an Ætna burne
Within my braines, and all my body elſe
Is like a hill of Ice, all theſe Belgique ſeas
That now, ſurround vs cannot quench this flame
Death like a tyrant ſeazeth me vnawares,
My ſinewes ſhrinke like leaues parcht with the ſunne
My blood diſſolues, nerues and tendons fayle
Each part's diſioynted, and my breath expires
Mount ſoule to heauen, my body burnes in fire.
Lor. Hee's gon.
Hoff. Goe, let him, come *Lorrique*.
This but the prologue to the enſuing play.

The

The firſt ſtep to reuenge, this ſeane is donne
Father I offer thee thy murtherers ſonne. *Exeunt,*

Floriſh. Enter Ferdinand, Rodorick, Lodowick, Mathias, Lucibet, Ierom, Stilt, attendants.

Ferd. Princes of *Saxony* and *Auſtria*,
Though your owne words are of ſufficient weight
To iuſtifie the honorable loue borne by *Lodowick* to bright
Yet ſince your parents liue and as I heare (*Lucybell*,
There is betweene them ſome diſſention,
Blame vs not for detaining you thus long
Till we had notice how the buſineſſe ſtood
Lodo. Your royall entertaine great *Ferdinand*,
Exceeding expectation in our ſtay,
Bind vs to thanks, and if my brother pleaſe
To hold his challenge for a Turnament
In praiſe of *Lucibellas* excellence,
No doubt our father and the *Auſtrian* duke.
Will be in perſon at ſo royall ſport.
Ferd. We truſt they will.
Rodo. I doe aſſure your grace
The *Auſtrian* and the duke of *Saxony*
By true report of pilgrimes at my cell
From eyther of there courts ſet hetherward
Some ſixe dayes ſince.
Ferd. Thankes *Rodorick* for this newes
They are more welcome then the ſad diſcourſe
Of *Leningberg* our nephewes timeles wrake
Which addeth ſorrow to the mourning griefes
Abound in vs for our Dutches death.
Ie. I truly Princes, my father has had but hard lucke ſince your comming to his court, for ought I know you are bred of ill weather, come before you are ſent for, yet if my moſt gratious father ſay you are welcome, I his more gratious ſonne take you by the hands, though I can tell you my mothers death comes ſomewhat neere my heart, but I am a prince, and princes haue

power

power more then common people to ſubdue their paſſions.

Mat. We know your worthineſſe is experienc't in all true wiſedome.

Ier. True, I am no foole, I haue bin at *Wittenberg*, where wit growes.

Ferd. Peace thou vnſhapen honor, my ſtates ſhame,
My ages coſſine, and my blacke ſinnes curſe,
Oh hadſt thou neuer bin, I had bin then,
A happy childleſſe man, now among men,
I am the moſt vnhappie, one that knowes
No end of mine, and of my peoples woes.
I tell you Princeſſe, and moſt gracious maide;
I doe not weare theſe ſable ornaments
For *Iſabella* death, though ſhe were deare,
Nor are my eyelids ouerflowne with teares,
For *Otho* of *Luningberg*, wrackt in the Soun,
Though he were all my hope: but heer's my care,
A witleſſe foole muſt needs be *Pruſſias* heire.

Ier. Well, and you were not my father,——ſ'nailes, and I would not draw rather then put vp the foole, would I might neuer winne this lady at tilt and turnament: as Knights, I defie you both for her; euen you *Lodowick*, that loues her, and your brother that loues you: looke to me, *Stilt*, and I haue practis'd theſe two dayes: ſ'nailes god forgiue me to ſweare, ſhe ſhall not be carried away ſo.

Mat. We are glad to heare your grace ſo reſolute.

Ier. As I am a Prince, and a Dukes heire, though I ſay it my ſelfe, I am as full of reſolution as the prowdeſt of you all

Luci. I thanke Prince *Lodowick* he ha's bound my youth
To bee the conquerers prize, and if my ſtarres
Allott me to be yours, I will be prowd,
For how ſoere you ſeeme not faſhioned
Like mee, and cunning Courtiers; I proteſt,
By ſome ſmall loue I beare thee in mine eie,
Your worthy beautie, wealth and dignity.

Ier. Heart you would not vnhorſe Hercules for her father, ile practice againe at Dantzike, you ſay in the Dukes meade; ile meete thee *Mathias*: ther's my gloue For a gauntlet, though my father count me a foole, you ſhall finde me none. *Exit.*

Ferd. Would I might neuer find thee any thing,
For thou indeede art nothing in eſteeme,
My ſad ſoule ſinkes with ſorrow at thy ſight.

Enter Lorrique.

Lor. Health to the right gratious, generous, vertuous, and valorous *Ferdinand* Duke of Pruſſia.

Ferd. Hermet doſt thou not know this young mans face?
I'ſt not *Lorique*, that met vs at thy cell
With letters from our brother *Lunningberg*?

Rodo. It is that gentleman.

Lor. I am no leſſe.

Ferd. thou ſaydſt thou waſt my nephewes playfellow,
Appointed to await his vertuous perſon,
How is it then thou wert ſo ill aduiſed
To take the land away, and forſake thy Lord?
Whom I haue neuer ſeene, nor neuer may,
Though in his life my hope and comfort lay.

Lor. Be it knowne right gracious: *Lorrique* had neuer ſo little grace, as to leaue his loued lord for weather or water, for torture or fire, for death or for life, ſince I firſt came to moue in a pilgrims proportion; much diſguiſed, being ſo proper a man: but onely for thoſe ſixe words; that I was ſent wholy to giue notice of his comming.

Ferd. But thou haſt left him now ſwake in the ſea.

Lor. I left the ſhip ſunke, and his highneſſe ſau'd, for when all hope had left Maſter and pilot, ſailer and ſwabber, I caus'd my Lord to leape into the cocke, and for feare ſhe ſhould be ſunke with too much company; I caper'd out, and cut the cable: rowſe, quoth the ſhip againſt the rocks, roomer cry I in the cocke, my Lord wept for the company; I laught to comfort him; laſt by the power of heauen, good

goodneſſe of ſtarrs, kindneſſe of winds, mercy of the waues, our cocke and wee were caſt a ſhore vnder Reeſhopſcurre, we clamberd vp, but hauing ſcap't drowning, were in danger of killing.

Ferd. What there betided you?

Lor, Marry my Lord a young villaine, ſonne of a damn'd pirate, a mayd rauiſher.

Ferd. Be briefe, what was he?

Lor. Clois Hoffman.

Fer Oh my heart! did the falſe rebell hurt his ſoueraignes ſonne?

Lor. Noe my Lord, the prince ſo hought and hoft him, that he had no other helpe but to his heeles, and then I, my good Lord, being roefooted, outſtript him in running, tript him by ſtrength, and in fine, finely cut's throat.

Ferd. Where is the villaines body?

Lor. Marry euen heaued ouer the ſcarr, and ſent a ſwimming toward Burtholme, his old habitation; if it bee not intercepted by ſome Seale, Sharke, Surgeon, or ſuch like.

Ferd. Where is our nephew?

Lor. He intends to ſtay at the ſame hermitage, where I ſaluted your excellence, with newes of my lords excellencies intent, to viſite you; for that his apparrell is ſomewhat ſea-ſicke, and he wants ſhift.

Ferd. A charriot, and rich robes attend *Lorrique*.
And his reward, be thirteene hundred dollers,
For he hath driuen dolour from our heart.
Princes, and Princeſſe, in your kindeſt loue,
Attend our perſon to the hermitage,
where we ſhall meete the heire of two great States,
Rich *Luningberg*, and warlike *Pruſſias*,
Otho liuing, wee'l diſinherit our fond ſonne:
And bleſſe all Dantzike, by our ſonne elect,
Hermet you haue at home, a gueſt of ours,
Your little cell, is a great princes court;
Had you bin there to entertaine young *Otho*,

He would haue tooke your welcome thankfully,
Where now he mournes, for want of company.
Rodo. I will goe on before my gracious Lord.
Ferd, Nay I am iealous of my approaching ioy,
And fearefull, any eye but mine, ſhould gaine
The pleaſure of my glad diuining ſoule;
Forward come all, in my delight take part,
He that's now glad, addes ioy to gladnes heart. *Exeunt*

Enter Clois Hoffman.

If there liue ere a ſurgeon that dare ſay
He could doe better: i'e play Mercury,
And like fond Marſias flea the Quack ſaluers.
There were a ſort of filthy Mountebankes,
Expert in nothing but in idle words,
Made a daies worke, with their inciſion kniues
On my oppreſt poore father: ſilly man,
Thruſting there daſtard fingers in his fleſh,
That durſt not while he liued, behold his face;
I haue fitted my anatomy
In a faire chaine to; lacher this youth ſcorn'd
When he was ſet in an aſcending throne,
To haue you ſtand by him; would he could ſee,
How the caſe alters, you ſhall hang by him,
And hang afore him to, for all his pride,
Come image of bare death, ioyne ſide, to ſide,
With my long iniur'd fathers naked bones;
He was the prologue to a Tragedy,
That if my deſtinies deny me not,
Shall paſſe thoſe of Thyeſtes, Tereus,
Iocaſta, or Duke Iaſons iealous wife;
So ſhut our ſtage vp, there is one act done
Ended in *Othos* death; 'twas ſomewhat ſingle;
Ile fill the other fuller, if *Lorrique*,
That I haue late ſworne to be murders ſlaue,
ſweares hee will proteſt me to be *Othos*,
Whom Pruſſia his vncle vnknowne loues;

If I be taken for him well: Oh then I
Sweet vengeance make me happieſt of all men:
Pruſſia, I come as comets againſt change:
As apparitions before mortall ends;
If thou accept me for thy nephewe, ſo;
Vncle, ile vncle thee of thy proud life.
Father farewell, ile to the hermitage,
Where if I be receaued for *Luuingberg*,
I will haue thy drie bones, ſanguin'd all or'e
With thy foes bloud, Rhamnuſia helpe thy prieſt,
My wrong thou know'ſt, my willingneſſe thou ſeeſt.

Exit.

Actus ſecundus.

Enter Ierom and Stilt.

Ier. Come *Stilt*, beſtirre your ſtumpes; you know I muſt be a tilter.

Stilt. I my lord, I know you ſhould be one, but I hope you are not ſo madd.

Ier. what doſt thou count it madneſſe to runne a tilt.

Stilt. I my Lord, for you that cannot ſit a hobby, you'le hardly manage your tilthorſe.

Ier. Why? they ſay *Stilt*, that ſtone Mares are gentler, ſee if thou canſt get me one of them.

Stilt. Not afore next graſſe; I could helpe you now to a ſtone mule, a ſtone aſſe.

Ier. Well, ile trie one courſe with thee at the halfe pike, and then goe, come draw thy pike.

Stilt. That's not your fit word; you muſt ſay, aduance your pike, and you muſt be here ſir, and here, you'l neuer learne for all my teaching.

Ier. I haue anſwered you *Stilt*, that Princes haue no need to bee taught, and I haue e'en determin'd with my ſelfe, not to runne at tilt, leaſt I hazard my horſe and harneſſe: therefore

therefore ile to the court, and onely ſee my new couſin, that they ſayd was drownd: and then retire to my Caſtle at *Helſen*, and there write a new poem, that I haue taken paines in, almoſt theſe ten yeares: it is in prayſe of picke-toothes.

Stilt. That will be excellent my Lord, the barbers will buy thoſe poems abominably.

Ier. Nay ſirra, ile get a patent from the Duke, my father, for the *Cum Priuilegio* for that poem, *Ad imprimendum ſolum*; beſides thou ſhalt haue a priuiledge, that no man ſhall ſell tooth pickes without thy ſeale: my father ſaies I am a foole, but I thinke I beſtow my time to looke out for ſetting a new nappe vpon his thredbare Common wealth: Who's that knockes? who dares diſturbe our honorable meditation? harke *Stilt*, doſt thou ſee no noyſe?

Stilt. No, but I heare a noyſe.

Ierom. A hall then; my father and my new couſen: ſtand aſide, that I may ſet my countenance, my beard bruſh and mirror, *Stilt*, that ſet my countenance right to the mirror of Knight-hood, for your mirror of magiſtrates is ſomewhat to ſober. how lik'ſt me?

Stilt. Oh excellent! heers your caſting bottle.

Ier. Sprinkle, good *Stilt*, ſprinkle, for my late practize hath brought mee into ſtrange fauour: ha mother of mee, thou hadſt almoſt blinded the eyes of excellence; but *omnia bene*, let them approach now, and I appeare not like a Prince, let my father caſheere me, as ſome ſay hee will.

Stilt. Caſheere you? no, doe but manage your body, and haue heere, and heere your congies, and then *quid ſequitur*, *Stilt* knowes, and all the court ſhall ſee.

Hoboyes.

Enter Ferdinand leading Clois Hoffman: Mathias, and Lodowick leading Lucibella: Lorrique, with other lords attending: comming neere the chayre of ſtate, Ferdinand Aſcends, places Hoffman at his feete, ſets a Coronet on his head, A Herald proclaimes.

herald

Her. Ferdinand by the diuine grace, prince of *Heidelberg*, lord of *Pomer*, and Duke of *Prussia*, for sundry reasons him mouing, the quiet state of his people especially: which as a witlesse and insufficient prince, disinherits *Ierom Heidelberg* his knowne sonne, and adopteth *Otho* of *Iuningberg* his sisters sonne, as heire, immediately to succeed after his death in all his prouinces. God saue Duke *Ferdinand*, and *Otho* his heire.

Florish.

Ferd. Amen, Heauen witnesse, how my heart is pleas'd,
With the conceit of *Prussias* after-peace,
By this election.

Ier. Why? but heare you father.

Ferd. Away, disturbe vs not, let's in and feast,
For all our country in our choyce is blest. *Florish.*

Exeunt.

Ier. Why, but *Stilt*, what's now to be done *Stilt*?

Stilt. Nay that's more then I know: this matter will trouble vs more then all your poem of picktooths, & nailes: you were better be vnknighted then vnprinc'd, I haue lost all my hope of preferment, if this hold.

Ier. Noe more *Stilt*, I haue it heere; 'tis in my head, and out it shall not come, till red reuenge in robes of fire, and madding mischiefe runne and raue: they say I am a foole *Stilt*, but follow me; ile seeke out my notes of Machiauel, they say hee's an odd politician.

Stilt. I faith hee's so odd, that he hath driuen euen honesty from all mens hearts.

Ier. Well, sword come forth, and courage enter in,
Brest breake with griefe; yet hold to be reueng'd:
Follow me *Stilt*; widdowes vnborne shall weepe,
And beardlesse boyes with armour on their backes
Shall beare vs out, *Stilt* we will tread on stilts,
Through the purple panement of the court,
Which shall bee, let me see, what shall it be?
No court, but euen a caue of misery.

Ther's

Ther's an excellent ſpeech *Stilt*, follow me, purſue me, will accquire,
And either die, or compaſſe my deſire.
Stilt. Oh braue maſter, not a Lord: O, *Stilt* will ſtalke, and make the earth a ſtage,
But hee will haue thee lord in ſpight of rage.

Exeunt.

Enter Rodorigo, and Auſtria's Duke, ſome followers.

Rod. Sir ſince you are content, you heere ſhall finde,
A ſparing ſupper, but a bounteous minde:
Bad lodging, but a heart as free, and generous,
As that which is fed with generous blood,
Auſt. Your hermitage is furniſh't for a prince.
Rodo. Laſt night this roofe couer'd the ſacred heads
Of fiue moſt noble, faire, and gratious Princes,
Duke *Ferdinand* himſelfe, and *Otho* his nephew,
The ſonnes of *Saxon*, and the *Auſtrian* Princeſſe.
Auſt. Oh god! that girle, which fled my Court and loue,
Making loue colour for her heedles flight,
Rodo. Pardon great prince: are you the *Auſtrian* duke?
Auſt. Hermet I am, *Saxons* proud wanton ſonns
Were entertaind like *Priam's* Firebrand
At Sparta: all our State gladly appear'd
Like chierfull *Lacedemons*, to receaue
Thoſe Dæmons that with magicke of their tongues,
Bewitch't my Lucibells my Helen's eares.

Knocking and calling within.

Rodo. Who traueleth ſo late? who knockes ſo hard?
Turne to the eaſt end of the Chappell, pray;
We are ready to attend you.

Enter duke of Saxony.

Sax. Which is the way to Dantzike?
Rodo. There is no way to Dantzike you can finde
Without a guide thus late, come neere I pray,
Sax. looke to our horſes, by your leaue maſter Hermet,

wee

We are ſoone bidden, and will proue bold gueſts:
God ſaue you ſir.
Anſt. That ſhould bee *Saxons* tongue.
Sax. Indeed I am the Duke of *Saxony*.
Anſt. Then art thou father to laſciuious ſonnes,
That haue made *Anſtria* childles. (cuſe,
Sax. O ſubtill duke, thy craft appeares in framing thy ex-
Thou doſt accuſe my yong ſons innocence:
I ſent them to get knowledge, learne the tongues,
Not to be metamorphis'd with the view
Of flattering beauty, peraduenture painted.
Anſt. No, I defie thee Iohn of *Saxony*;
My *Lucibell* for beauty needs no art,
Nor doe I thinke the vertues of her minde
Euer inclind to this ignoble courſe.
But by the charmes and forcings of thy ſonnes. (Duke.
Sax. Oh would thou durſt maintaine thy words prowd
Rodo. I hope great Princes, neither of you dare
Commit a deede ſo ſacrilegious: This holy cell
Is dedicated to the ſonne of peace;
The foot of war neuer prophan'd this floore,
Nor doth wrath here with his conſuming voyce
Affright theſe buildings; charity with prayer,
Humility with abſtinence combin'd,
Are heere the guardians of a grieued minde.
Anſt. Father we obey thy holy voyce;
Duke Iohn of *Saxony*, receiue my faith;
Till our eares heare the true courſe thy ſonnes
Haue taken with my fond and miſ-led child.
I proclaime truce, Why doſt thou ſullen ſtand?
If thou meane peace, giue me thy Princely hand.
Sax. Thus doe I plight thee troth, and promiſe peace,
Anſt. Nay, but thy eyes agree not with thy heart;
In vowes of combination, ther's a grace
That ſhewes the intention in the outward face,
Looke cherefully, or I expect no league.

Sax. First giue me leaue to view a while the perſon,
Of this Helmet, *Auſtria* note him well,
Is he not like your brother *Rodorick*?
Auſt. Hee's like him, but I heard he loſt his life
Long ſince in *Perſia*, by the *Sophies* warres.
Rod. I heard ſo much my Lords, but that report
Was purely fain'd, ſpread by my erring tongue,
As double as my heart, when I was yonge:
I am that *Rodorick*, that aſpir'd your throne;
That vile falſe brother who with rebell breath,
Drawne ſword, and trecherous heart threatned your death.
Sax. My brother? nay, then i'faith old Iohn lay by
Thy ſorrowing thoughts, turne to thy wonted veyne,
And be madd Iohn of *Saxony* againe.
Mad *Rodorick*, art aliue? my mothers ſonne,
Her ioy and her laſt birth; oh ſhe coniur'd me
To vſe thee thus, and yet I baniſht thee:
Body of me; I was vnkinde I know,
But thou deſeru'ſt it then; but let it goe:
Say thou wilt leaue this life thus truly idle,
And liue a Stateſman, thou ſhalt ſhare in raigne,
Commanding all but me thy ſoueraigne.
Rod. I thanke your Highnes; I will thinke on it:
But for my ſinnes this ſufferance is more fit.
Sax. Tut, title, tatle, tell not me of ſinne.
Now *Auſtria* once againe thy Princely hand:
Ile looke thee in the face, and ſmile, and ſweare,
If any of my ſonnes haue wrong'd thy child,
Ile helpe thee in reuenging it my ſelfe;
But if as I beleeue they meane, but honor,
As it appeareth by theſe iuſts proclaim'd.
Then thou ſhalt be content to name him thine,
And thy faire daughter ile account as mine.
Auſt. Agreed.
Sax. Ah *Auſtria*! t'was a world when you and I
Ran theſe Carreers; but now we are ſtiffe and drie.

Auſt.

Auſt. I am glad you are ſo pleaſant my good Lord.
Sax. T'was my old mood, but I was ſoone turn'd ſad
With ouer grieuing for this long loſt lad;
And now the Boy is growne, as old as I,
His very face as full of grauity.
Rod. Pleaſe your Graces enter,
I know the ſeruants that attend one me
By the appointment of Duke *Ferdinand*
By this haue couered.
Sax. Why then let's in: brother I truſt, and brother
Hold you this hand, *Roderick* hold thou the other,
By heauen my heart with happineſſe is crow'nd,
In that my long loſt brother now is found: *Exeunt.*

Enter Clois Hoffman ſolus.

Hoff. ſo run on fate, my deſtinies are good,
Reuenge hath made me great by ſhedding blood:
I am ſuppoſ'd the heire of *Lunsingberg*,
By which I am of *Pruſſia* Prince elect.
Good: who is wrong'd by this? onely a foole:
And 'tis not fit that idiots ſhould beare rule.

Enter Lorrique.

Lo. My Lord I haue as you inioyn'd, intic't *Saxons* elder ſonne to talke with you: and heere hee comes with his moſt excellent, amorous, and admirable Lady.
Hoff. Ha'ſt thou the Hermets weeds for my diſguiſe?
Lor. All ready, fit, fit in the next chamber, your beard is point-vice, not a haire amiſſe.
Hoff. Faithfull *Lorrique* in th y vnfaithfulnes:
I kiſſe thy cheeke, and giue thee in that kiſſe
The moitie of all my earthly bliſſe. *Exit.*
Lor. Good: I am halfe a Monarke: halfe a fiend
Blood I begun in and in blood muſt end
yet this *Clois* is an honeſt villaine, ha's conſcience in his killing of men: he kils none but his fathers enemies, and there iſſue, 'tis admirable, 'tis excellent, 'tis well 'tis meritorious, where? in heauen? no, hell.

Enter Lodowick and Lucibella.

Lod. Now friend, where is prince *Otho*?
Lor. Sad, ſir, and grieued.
Luci. Why? prithee why?
Lor. Alas I know not why.
The hermet *Rodorigo* talkt with him
Somewhat of you, and ſomewhat of the Duke,
About ſurprizing you and murdering *Lodowick*:
Or ſuch a thing, nay ſure 'twas ſuch a thing.
Luci. Surprizing me and murdering *Lodowicke*.
Lod. By whom? by what complot?
Lor. Sure by the Duke, the Duke's an odd old lad:
I know, this night ther's ſet a double guard,
And ther's ſome tricke in that: but patience:
Heere comes the Hermet: holy reuerent man!

Enter Clois Hoffman like a hermet.

Somewhat important, wings his aged feete
With ſpeedy nimblenesse: heauen graunt that all be well.
Clois. Princes in pitty of your youth, your loue,
Your vertues, and what not, that may moue ruth,
I offer you the tender of your liues,
Which yet you may preſerue: but if you ſtay,
Death and deſtruction waiteth your delay.
Lod. Who hath conſpir'd our deathes? ſpeake reuerent man.
Clo. The Duke of *Pruſſia*, doating on this face;
Worthy indeed of wonder, being ſo faire,
This night hath plotted, firſt to murder you;
The guard are ſet that you may not eſcape,
Within, without, and round about the court;
Onely one way, thorow Prince *Otho* his lodging
Is left; heere is the key, and for more proofe
Of my great zeale and care, on with theſe robes.

within.

Within are Grecian habits for your heads;
Nay if you loue life do not ſtand amaz'd,
But take the path toward my hermitage,
Yet I aduize you, that you goe not in;
There may be plots to, for ought I know;
But turne downe by the riuer, ther's a way
Leads to a little Chappell; in that porch
Stay, till I viſit you with better newes;
Lod. I will but call my brother, and then goe.
Clo. That were a going neuer to returne:
I'le ſend him after you, be well aſſur'd.
Luci. Oh god! the Duke of *Pruſſia* grown thus falſe,
ſuch ſhewes of freindſhip, and ſo little faith.
Lod. Come Lucibella lets embrace this meane,
Duke Ferdinand ſhall with a ſorrowing heart,
Repent this baſe diſhonourable plot:
Father, our fortunes if they ſort aright,
ſhall with continuall thankfulneſſe requite
This vertuous and this charitable care:
Farwell: wee'l wait thee in the Chappell porch
Bring Prince *Mathias* our kind brother thither,
And thou ſhalt add good works to charity:
Once more farewell *Lorrique*; ther's for thee,
Commend me to thy Lord, tell him this wronge
Of his falſe vncle, ſhall meete full reuenge:
But doe to him our duties. Come chaſt, faire,
We muſt not now by tilt and turnameut
Maintayne thy honor: for thy champion Knight,
Is for'ſt by treaſon to vnwilling flight.
Exit.

Clo. ſo runne to miſchiefe: Oh my deare Lorrique!
When I haue ſumm'd vp my account of death,
And rob'd thoſe fathers of there lifes and ioy,
That rob'd mee of my ioy, my fathers life,
Thus thy hand claſpt in mine, wee'l walke and meditate,
And boaſt in the reuenges I haue wrought;

That done; ile ſeat thee by my throne of ſtate,
And make thee riuall in thoſe gouernments,
That by thy ſecrecy thou lift'ſt me to;
Shalt be a Duke at leaſt.

Lor. I thanke your Grace, but pray reſolue me,
What you now intend,
To theſe three Princes *Lodowick*, and *Mathias*,
And the thrice beautious Princeſſe *Lucibell*.

Hoff. Death certaine: call in *Mathias*, if my plot proue good, ile make one brother ſhed the others blood.

Lor. I am nimble as your thought, deuiſe, i'le execute what you command.

Exit.

Clo. A pretious villaine: a good villaine too:
Well if he be no worſe; that is doe worſe,
And hony me in my death-ſtinging thoughts,
I will preferre him: he ſhall be prefer'd
To hanging peraduenture; why not? 'tis well

Enter Lorrique.

His ſufferance heere may ſaue his ſoule from hell.
Hee comes; what newes my faithfull ſeruant? wher's the Prince.

Lor. Hee's talking with the lady *Lucibell*,
And when I ſaid your Highneſſe ſent for him,
Hee 'gan with courtly ſalutations,
To take his leaue and to attend your grace.

Clo. Well god-a-mercy friend, thou got'ſt me grace:
But more of that at leaſure: take this gowne;
My cloake, a chaine; I muſt turne melancholy.

Enter Mathias.

Second what ere I ſay, approoue my words,
That we may mooue *Mathias* to mad rage.

Mat. God ſaue your excellence: what ſad, dull, heauy?
Or are you now in meditation
Which part to take to morrow at the Tilt?

the

The mead is ringd with tents of ſtranger Knights,
Whoſe rich deuices, and capariſons
Exceed the *Perſian* Monark's, when he met
Deſtruction and pale death ſent from the ſword
Of *Philips* ſonne, and his ſtout Macedons
Cheerely Prince *Otho* ther's ſuch a warlike ſight
That would ſtirre vp a leaden heart to fight.
Clo. For what?
Mat. For honor and faire *Lucibell*.
Clo. Oh Prince *Mathias* it is ill combin'd
When honor is with fickle beautie ioynd.
Where is your moſt Princely brother?
Mat. I cannot tell I left him with his loued *Lucibell*.
Clo. But ſhee has got another loue,
Diſhonored all this rich aſſembly,
Left the memoriall of ſuch infamy,
As cannot die while men haue memory.
Mat. How? pray you how? what hath the princeſſe done?
Clo. ſhe with a Grecian is but new fled hence,
Belike ſome other loue of hers before:
Our tilt and turnament is ſpoild and croſt.
The faire we ſhould defend, her faith hath loſt.
Mat. Fled with a Grecian? ſaw you them goe Prince *Otho*?
Clo. I, I, I ſaw them goe.
Mat. And would not ſtay them?
Clo. My true ſeruant knowes,
How at the ſight of ſuch inconſtancy
My gentle heart was ſmitt with inward griefe
And I ſunke downe with ſorrow. (harlot-ſteps.
Mat. s'death, what path? which way? that I may track her
Fled now: gone now: ile goe ſeeke *Lodowicke*
Clo. Nay then you add an irreligious worke,
To there laſciuious act; follow your ſelfe,
I and my man will beare your company
Lorrique, as I thinke, thou nam'dſt a chappell,
A Hermet, ſome ſuch thing: I haue loſt the forme.

Lor.

Lo. I heard her ſay, ſhe could not trauell far,
He told her, they would reſt the dead of night,
Neere to a chappell, by a hermitage.
Mat. Where is that chappell? wher's that hermitage?
If you loue honor Princely *Luningberg*,
Let's to that chappell: if you know the way,
That I may kill our ſhame, ere it ſee day.
Clo. Ile guide you to the chappell, ayd your arme,
In your reuenge, againſt that Grecian,
But for the Lady ſpare her; ſhe is faire.
Mat. I will doe what I can; oh hell of life!
Who, but a foole would ſtriue to winne a wife?
ſhall we call *Lodowick*?
Clo. noe, t'would ſmite his ſoule in ſunder, ſplit his heart,
If he ſhould heare of ſuch adulterate wronge,
Couer the fault or puniſh as you pleaſe:
Yet I would ſaue her faine, for ſhe deſerues
pitty for beanty.
Mat. Nothing, noe for nothing.
Shee is as harlots, faire, like guilded tombs
Goodly without; within all rotteunes:
ſhee's like a painted fire vpon a hill,
ſet to allure the froſt-nipt paſſengers,
And ſtarue them after hope: ſhe is indeede
As all ſuch ſtrumpets are, Angell in ſhew,
Diuell in heart: Come, come if you loue me goe. *Exit*
Clo. Follow *Lorrique*; we are in the right way. *Exit.*
Lor. To hell I feare: tuſh let all feare goe by,
Whoo'l ſhun a bad way with good company.

Exit.

Actus tertus.

Enter |*Lodowick and Lucibell.*

Lod. Are you not faint diuineſt *Lucibell*?

Luci.

Luci. Noe, the cleare moone ſtrowes ſiluer in our path,
And with her moiſt eyes weepes a gentle dew
Vpon the the ſpotted pauement of the earth,
Which fo tens euery flowre whereon I tread
Beſides; all trauell in your company
Seemes but a walke made in ſome goodly bowre,
Where loues faire mother ſtrips her paramoure.
Lod. This is the Chappell, and behold a banke,
Couer'd with ſleeping flowers, that miſſe the Sunne:
Shall Wee repoſe vs till *Mathias* come?
Luci. The Hermet will ſoone bring him, let's ſit downe,
Nature, or art hath taught theſe boughes to ſpred,
In manner of an arbour o're the banke.
Lod. No, they bow downe as vailes to ſhadow you:
And the freſh flowers beguiled by the light
Of your celeſtiall eyes, open there leaues,
And when they entertaine the lord of day
You bring them comfort like the Sunne in May.
Luci. Come, come, you men will flatter beyond meane:
Will you ſit downe? and talke of the late wronge
Intended by the Duke of *Pruſſia*?
Lod. Faireſt forget it, leaue till we are cleare freed hence,
I will defie him, and cauſe all the knights
Aſſembled for our purpos'd turnament,
To turne there keene ſwords 'gainſt his catiue head.
Luci. Prithee no more, I feele thy blood turne hot,
And wrath inflames thy ſpirit, let it ceaſe;
Forgiue this fault, conuert this war to peace.
Lod. O breath ſweet touch with what a heauenly charme
Doe your ſoft fingers my wa - houghts diſarme,
Pruſſia had reaſon to attempt my life
Inchanted by the magicke of theſe lookes,
That caſt a luſter on the bluſhing ſtarrs.
Pardon chaſt Queene of beauty, make me proude
To reſt my toild head on your tender knee,
My chin with ſleepe is to my boſome bow'd;

Faire if you pleaſe a little reſt with mee.
Luci. No, ile be Centinell; ile watch for feare
Of venomous wormes, or wolues, or woluiſh theeues:
My hand ſhall fanne your eyes, like the film'd winge
Of drowſie morpheus; and my voyce ſhall ſing
In a low compaſſe for a *Lucibell.*
Sleepe ſweete, perhaps ile ſleepe for company.
Lod. I thanke you; I am drowſie, ſing I pray;
Or ſleepe: doe what you pleaſe, I am heauy, I;
God night to all our care: oh! I am bleſt
By this ſoft pillow where my head doth reſt.

Hee ſleepes.

By my troth I am ſleepy too: I cannot ſing,
My heart is troubled with ſome heauy thing.
Reſt one theſe violets, whil ſt I prepare,
In thy ſoft ſlumber to receiue a ſhare:
Blaſh not chaſt Moone to ſee a virgin lie
So neere a Prince, 'tis noe immodeſtie:
For when the thoughts are pure, noe time, noe place,
Hath power to worke faire chaſtities diſgrace;
Lodowick *I claſpe thee thus, ſo arme clip arme,*
So ſorrow fold them that wiſh true loue harme.

Sleepes.

Enter Lorrique, Mathias, Clois Hoffman.

Mat. Art ſure tha'ſt found them?
Lor. Looke, are theſe they?
Mat. Adulterer: ſtrumpet.
Lod. Oh!
Luci. Oh!
Clo. Vnhumane deede to kill both.
Mat. Both haue abuſ'd our glory, both ſhall bleed,
Luci. how now! what haue ye done? my *Lodowick* bleeds.
Some ſauage beaſt hath fixt his ruthles fange
In my ſoft body: *Lodowick*, I faint,

deers

Deere wake; my *Lodowick*: alas what meanes
Your breſt to be thus wet? I'ſt blood or ſweat?
Lod. Who troubles me?
Mat. Brother.
Lod. Who is that? *Mathias.*
Mat. I, accurſed I,
Lod. Wher's the good Hermet? thanke him for his loue,
Yet tell him; *Ferdinand* of *Pruſſia*
Hath a long arme; ſome murderer of his
hath kild vs ſleeping.
Luci. Kild thee? oh no! I truſt the carefull deſtinies deny
So hard a fate: 'tis I alone am kild.
Come *Lodowick*, and cloſe vp my night-vaild eies
That neuer may agen behold the day.
Hoff. What meanes *Mathias?* *He offers to Kill himſelfe.*
Mat. Hold me not Prince *Otho.*
I will reuenge my ſelfe vpon my ſelfe:
For Parricide for damned parricide:
I haue kild my brother ſleeping in the arme s
Of the diuineſt forme that e're he d breath.
I haue kild loues Queene defac't with my foule hand;
The goodlieſt frame that euer nature built
And diuen the graces from the mannion
Wherein they haue continued from their birth;
She now being dead, ſhee'l dwell no more on earth.
Lod. What mooued you to it brother?
Mat. Iealous rage, ſuſpition by Prince *Otho*,
That *Lucibell* had fled with a baſe Greeke,
Oh me accurſed! I am borne to ſhame.
Clo. But I am wretcheder, that from the loue
Deuoted to the houſe of *Saxony*,
Haue thus begot this monſter cruelty:
I lay within an arbour, whence I ſaw
The princeſſe, and your ſelfe in this diſguiſe
Departing ſecretly my vncles court:

I iudg'd you for a Greeke as you appear'd,
Told Prince *Mathias* of your ſecret flight;
And hee led on by fury followed you
Where thus deceaſed by night and your attire,
Hath rob'd your heart of life, his owne of ioy.
Mat. Forgiue me brother, pardon faireſt maide,
And ere the icy hand of aſhie death
Fold your faire bodies in this ſable vaile;
Diſcouer why you put on this diſguiſe.
Lod. To ſcape the luſtfull Duke of *Pruſſia*,
Who purpos'd this night to murder me,
And rauiſh her whom death hath made his pray
My *Lucibell*, whoſe lights are mask't with clouds
That neuer will be cleard.
Hoff. My vncle, fie, who buz'd into your head
This damned lie?
Lod. It's no lie.
Luci. Noe lie: 'tis true, 'tis true,
The reuerent Hermet *Rodorick*, told it vs.
Hoff. The Hermet is a villaine damn'd in hell
Before the worlds creation, if he ſai't
My Princely vncle purpos'd ſuch a thought.
Looke to the Princeſſe, ther's life in her: (man.
Cheere vp your heart Prince *Lodowicke*, courage
Your being of comfort may recouer her,
While I bring forth the Hermet and diſproue
This falſe aſſertion: *Rodorick* is a ſlaue
A vile and irreligious hypocrite,
No Hermet, but a diuell if he dare
Affirme ſuch falſhood of Duke *Ferdinand*.

Enter Rodorigo, Saxony, and Auſtria.

Rodo. *Rodorick* is not as you report him ſit,
Nor did he ere belie Duke *Ferdinand*.
Hoff. No did? why then did you malicionſly

aduſe

Aduiſe Prince *Lodowick* and faire *Lucibell*
To flie the *Pruſſian* court this diſmall night.
Rodo. Who I? I ſpake not with them,
Lodo. Yes ye did.
Sax. Where was it that he ſpake with you? tell vs where?
Lodo. At Dantzike in the Duke of *Pruſſia* court.
Sax. Who heard him beſides you?
Lod. The Princeſſe *Lucibell.*
Luci. As heauen ſhall helpe my fleeting ſoule, I did.
Auſt. why ſpeakes my dukedomes hope in hollow ſounds?
Looke vp fayre child heer's *Saxony* and I
Thy father, *Lucibella* looke on me;
I am not angry that thou fled'ſt away
But come to grace thy nuptials; prithee ſpeake.
Luci. Father I thanke you: *Lodowick* reach me thy hand
How cold thou art; death now aſſailes our hearts,
Hauing triumph't ouer the outward parts;
Farewell a while, we die but part, to meete
Where ioyes are certaine, pleaſures endleſſe, ſweet.
Father, this lateſt boone of you I craue,
Let him, and me, lie in one bed, and graue.

Moritur.

Auſt. Oh me! oh miſerable wretched me.
Lod. Houer a little longer bleſſed ſoule,
glide not away too faſt: mine now forſaks his ſear thly manſion and on hopes gilt wings will gladly mount with thine, where Angels ſing celeſtiall ditties to the King of Kings. brother adew, your raſhneſſe I forgiue, pardon me father, pardon; *Auſtria* your daughter is become a bride for death: the diſmall euen before her wedding day. Hermet God pardon thee; thy double tongue hath cauſ'd this errour: but in peace farewell. Hee that lifts vs to Heauen keepe thee from Hell.

Moritur.

Rod. Oh ſtrange coniecture! what ſhould moue this Prince
To charge me with ſuch horrid cruelty?

Mat.

Mat. Ile tell thee hypocrite.
Sax. Stay *Mathias* ſtay,
It is thy vncle *Rodorigo*, and beſides,
My honor and Duke *Auſtria's* ſhall bee gag'd,
He neuer parted from our company in his owne hermitage
Since day declinde, and glimmering twilight vſher'd in the night.
Hoff. Not from his hermitage?
Auſt. Noe not he.
Hoff. I'ſt poſſible?
Auſt. By Heauen he did not.
Hoff. Then there is villany, practice, and villainy
Mathias hath bin wrong'd and drawne to kill
His naturall brother, with him to deſtroy
The rareſt peece of natures workmanſhip,
No doubt by practize and baſe villany
The Hermet not at court? ſtrange! wondrous!
Sax. Oh for my ſonne, and *Auſtria's* worthy childe.
Auſt. Thou weep'ſt in ſcorne, and very teare of thine
Couers a ſmile: *Saxony*, I defie
All truce, all league of loue, guard thee proud Duke;
Thy ſonnes haue made me childleſſe; Ile haue thee
Conſort in death with my wrong'd girle and mee.
Hoff. Helpe Prince *Mathias*: Hermet, oh the Heauens!
The *Auſtrian* Duke ſinkes downe vpon the earth.
Auſt. Proud Iohn of *Saxony*: ha'ſt thou no wound?
Sax. Not any *Auſtria*; neither toucht I thee.
Auſt. Somebody toucht me home: vaine worldfarewell
Dying I fall on my dead *Lucibell*.
Saxo. Sir what are you that take on you to parte?
It's by your weapon that the Duke is ſlaine.
Hoff. If I thought ſo, i'de fall vpon the point,
But I am innocent of ſuch an ill:
Kill my good Huſman, Duke of *Auſtria*;
Then were Prince *Otho* of *Luningberg* ſet downe
In ſad diſpaires blacke booke to raue and die;
But I am free from ſuch impiety.

Saxo.

Saxo. Are you Prince *Otho* of *Luningberg*?
Rodo. He is, and heire apparent to Duke *Ferdinand.*
Sax. May be the Moone deceaues me, and my griefe,
As well in the diſtinguiſhing of ſounds,
As ſight: I haue heard of young *Luningberg*,
And ſeene him to at *Hoffmans* ouerthrow,
He lookt not like you, neither ſpake like you.
Mat. Father, 'tis he: *Lorrique* his man attends him,
That fellow which is all compos'd of mirth
Of mirth? of death: why ſhould I thinke of mirth
After ſo foule a murder? come lend hands
To giue this Princely body funerall rites,
That I may ſacrifice this hand and heart
For my peace-offerings on theyr ſepulchers.
Sax. Nay, boy, thou ſhall not leaue old Saxony
Childles for all this ſorrow: Prince, and if *Otho*
Helpe in my ſon with noble *Auſtria*,
Lodowick ſhalbe my burden: brother yours
The louely but the luckleſſe *Lucibell.*
So treade a heauy meaſure; now lets goe
To interre the dead, our hearts being dead with woe.
Exeunt carrying the dead bodies
Rod. Ther's life in *Lucibell*, for I feele (*Rodo. laſt with*
A breath, more odoriferous then balme (*Lucibell.*
Thirle through the corrall porals of her lipps,
Apparent ſignes of life, her pulſes beate;
Oh if I could but yet recouer her,
T'would ſatisfie the State of *Auſtria*,
That elſe would be diſturb'd for want of heires
Heauen be propitious, guide my artleſſe hand,
To preſerue fainting life in this cleare forme.
Graunt this thou ſoule of all Diuinity,
And I will ſtriue what euer mortall may
Enter Hoffman and Saxony.
To ſerue thee on my knees both night and day.
Tarry Prince *Otho* and ſee theyr bodies balm'd.

Hoff.

Hoff. I pray you thinke me not in paſſion dull;
I muſt withdraw, and weepe, my heart is full.
Oh reuerent man, thou bear'ſt the richeſt fruite;
That euer fell in the vnripired ſpring.
Goe lay her ſoft, ſhe had ill fate to fall;
But rich or faire or ſtrong, death ſwallowes all.
Hola! *Lorrique*, leaue our horſe; draw neere.

Enter Lorrique.

Helpe me to ſing a hymne vnto the fates
Compos'd of laughing interiections.
Lor. Why my good Lord? what accidents
Haue chanc't, that tickle ſo your ſpleene? (uenge;
Hoff. Oh my deere ſelfe: thou truſty treaſurer of my re-
Kneele downe, and at my bidding kiſſe the earth;
And on her cold eare whiſper this ſtrict charge:
That ſhe prouide the beſt of her perfumes,
The fat of Lambs rap't from the bleating Ewes,
The ſweeteſt ſmelling wood ſhe can deuiſe;
For I muſt offer vp a ſacrifice.
To bleſt occaſion that hath ſeconded
With opportune meanes my deſire of wreake;
Lor. Now I haue kis't the earth, let me partake
In your great ioy, that ſeemes to exceed.
Are *Lodowick*, and the Princeſſe murder'd?
Hoff. Tis done, goe, hie thee to Prince *Ferdinand*;
Tell him how miſaduenture and miſtruſt
Hath kild Prince *Lodowick* and bright *Lucibell*:
By Prince *Mathias* hand: adde to that chaunce,
Another vnexpected accident:
Say that the Dukes of *Auſtria* and *Saxony*,
Being by the Hermet *Roaorick* intertain'd,
And hearing outeries in the dead of night,
Came and beheld the tragick ſpectacle,
Which ſight did ſo inrage the *Auſtrian* Duke,
That he aſſail'd the *Saxon*, but fell ſlaine,

On

On his pale daughter, new defloured by death.

Lor. Is *Austria* then slaine by *Saxony*?

Hoff. Come, come, hee's dead, eyther by him or me,
Noe matter, hee's gone: ther's more to goe.
Runne with the newes; away.

Exit.

Enter Stilt, and a rabble of poore souldiers: old Stilt his father, with his scarfe like a Captaine. A scurvy march.

Stilt. Father, set you the army in qeraye, while I inuocare: The Generall *Foulkes*: *Fibs*, forman, and Friends all, Officers all, helpe to marshall; Prince *Ierom* my Lord shall remunerate, that, is shall be Full of thankesgiuing, while nature is able to Nourish, or sustayne; Father you haue order to stay the rest, be sententious, and full of circumstance I aduise you; and remember this, that more then mortality fights on our side; For we haue treason and iniquity to maintayne our quarrell.

Old Stilt. Hah! what say'st my sonne? treason and iniquity?

Stilt. Reason, and equity I meant Father; ther's little controuersity in the words: but like a Captaine couragious, I pray goe forward, remember the place you are, in noe more, but this; the dayes of old, no more, but that; and the glory Father; Knighthood at least, to the vtter defacing of you and your posterity, Noe more but soe.

Exit.

O. Stilt. Well, goe thy waies: thou art able to put fire into a Flint stone; thou hast as rheumatique a tongue to

perſwade as any is betweene *Pole* and *Pomer*; but thou art euen kitt after kind, I am thy father, and was infamous for my exprobations, to diſcourage a diſſembly of tall ſouldiers afore thou wert borne, and I haue made them ſtand to it tooth and nayle; how ſay you, moſt valiant and reprobate Country men: haue ye not heard I haue bin a ſtinger, a tickler, a wormer.

Fibs. Yes; noble, ancient Captaine *Stilt*, ye haue remou'd mens hearts I haue heard that of my father (God reſt his ſoule,) when yee were but one of the common all ſouldiers that ſeru'd old *Sarloys* in Norway.

O. Stilt. I then was, and *Sarloys* was; a gentleman wou'd not haue giuen his head for the waſhing; but hee is cut of, as all valiant caualeroes ſhall; and they be no more negligent of themſelues; But to the purpoſe: wee are diſſembled together, and faine into battayle beray in the behalfe Prince *Ierom*, a vertuous Prince, a wiſe Prince, and a moſt reſpectleſſe Prince; my ſon Timothies maſter, and the vnlawfull heire of this land. Now ſir the old Duke has put out a declamation, and ſaies our riſing is noe other then a reſurrection, for the Prince inſpires not againſt his father; but the Duke inſpires againſt his ſon, vſing him moſt naturally, charitably, and abhominably, to put him from interceſſion of the crowne; wherefore as yee bee true men, and obſtinate ſubiects to the State vncouer your heads, and caſt vp your caps, and cry a *Ierom*, *a Ierom*.

Om, A *Ierom*, a *Ierom*, a *Ierom*.

Enter Ierom, and Stilt.

Ier. Moſt noble Countrymen I cannot but condole in ioy, and ſmile in teares to ſee you aſſembled in my right, but this is the lamentation that I poore Prince muſt make, who for my fathers proclamation am like for to looſe

looſe my head, except you ſtand to mee, for they are comming on with bowes, bills, and guns, againſt vs: but if you be valiant, and ſtand to me luſtily, a'th'earth ſhall roare but wee'l haue victory.

Enter with Drum, and Colours, Duke Ferdinand, Hoffman Lorrique, Captaine to leade the drum. the ſouldiers march and make a ſtand; All on Ieroms ſide caſt vp their caps and cry a Ierom.

Fer. Vpon thoſe traytors valiant gentlemen:
Let not that beaſt the multitude confront,
With garlicke-breath and their conſnted cries
The Maieſty of me their awfull Duke,
Strike their Typhoean body downe to fire
That dare 'gainſt vs, their ſoueraigne conſpire.

Ier. Come, come, you ſhall haue your hands full, and you Come where we haue to doe, ſtand to it *Stilt.*

Stilt. ſtand to't? heer's the father and the ſon will ſtand, though all the reſt flie away.

O *Stilt*- I warrant you Prince, when the battaile comes to ioyning, my ſon and I will bee inuiſible, and they ouercome vs, ile giue you leaue to ſay I haue no pith in me; vpon vm true Prince vpon vm.

An Alarum; Hoffman kneeles betweene the Armies.

Stilt. I thought twou'd come to that;
I thought we ſhou'd bring
The falſe Prince on his knees.

Fer. What meanes my Dukedomes hope to turne thus baſe? ariſe, and ſmite thy foes.

Sarl I ſee them not my moſt honor'd vncle; pittie I beſeech
Theſe ſilly people, that offend as babes,
Not vnderſtanding, how they doe offend:
And ſuffer me chiefe agent in this wrong,
To plead their pardons with a peaceſull tongue.

Stilt. We ſcorne pardons, Peace and pitty; wee'l haue a Prince of our owne chuſing, Prince *Ierom.*

O. Stilt. I, I, Prince *Ierom* or no body; be not obſtacle old Duke, let not your owne fleſh and blood bee inherited of your Dukedome, and a ſtranger diſplac'd in his retority: for and you doe, wee will take no compariſon of you and your army, but fall vpon you like temperance and lightning.

Fer. Vpon your perill; gentlemen aſſayle.

Sarl. If any boſome meete the brunt of war,
Mine ſhall be firſt oppos'd; theſe honeſt men
That riſe in armes for my young Cozens right
Shall be Protected whil'ſt Prince *Charles* can ſtand.

Ier. Why ſee now what a thing Maieſty is;
Stilt and the reſt of my good people; my couzen
Charles looking but in the face of our excellence
Cannot chooſe but take our parte.

Stilt. Nay but truſt him not my Lord; take heed of him;
Aware your enemies at any hand.

Fer. Why ſhould you make this interceſſion
For theſe baſe abiects, whoſe preſumptuous hearts
Haue drawne their rebell bodies 'gainſt their head:
Intreat not for them, they are all but dead.

Sarl. Forbeare a little worthy Countrymen.

Stilt. Nay we deny that, we are none of your Countrymen; you are an arrant arrant Alien.

O. Stilt. True ſo in meere peregrination, and one that was not borne within our Dukes damnation, and therefore not to be remitted to any vpſtantiall degree of office amongſt vs: that's the fine, that's the confuſion of all.

Sarl. But heare mee.

Ier. I, I, pray heare him; nay I charge you all vpon paine of death that you heare my cozen.

Stilt. he Well wee will are him: come on, ſpeake, what wlil yee ſay?

Sarl. O I beſeech you ſaue your liues and goods,

For

For the Dukes ſquadrons arm'd with wrath and death,
Watch but the ſignall when to ceaze on you,
That can noe more with ſtand their approoued ſtrengthes
Then ſparrowes can contend with towring hawks:
Or 'gainſt the Eagles ayery:
This act of yours by gathering to a head,
Is treaſon capitall, and without grace
Your liues are forfeit to extreameſt law.

Old Stilt. Mas he ſaies true ſon; but what's the remedy?

Stilt. None at all father, now wee are in, wee muſt goe through ſtitch.

Sarl. Yes, there is remedy: caſt your weapons downe,
And arme your ſelues with mercy of your Prince
Who like a gracious ſhepheard ready ſtands
To take his loſt ſheepe home in gentle hands.
As for your Prince, I will for him intreat
That he may be reſtor'd againe in loue,
And vnto offices of dignity, as eythet Taſter,
Sewer, Cupbearer, the place himſelfe thinkes
Fitteſt for his ſtate, and for my part when
That vnhappy time of Princely *Ferdinands*
Sad death ſhall, come:——
Which moment:——
But ſhould I as I ſay behold that houre,
Although I am elected for your Prince,
Yet would I not remooue this gentleman,
But rather ſerue him as his councellor.

Ier. Giue me your hand of that Cozen; well ſayd, now get a pardon for mee, and my merry men all; and then let me be my fathers Taſter, being the office belonging to his eldeſt ſonne; I Being the ſame, and then you ſhall ſee mee behaue my ſelfe, not as a rebell, or reprobate, but as a moſt reaſonable Prince, and ſufficient ſubiect.

Stilt. Well ſince my Lord ha's ſayd the word, bring that of ſpake he to paſſe and ye ſhall haue my word too, and old *Stilt* my fathers, being a man of good reproch I tell you,

and condemnation in his country.

O. Stilt. I that I am my Lord, I haue liu'd in name and ſhame
theſe threeſcore and ſeuen winters, all my neighbours can
beare me teſtament, and accord.

Sarl. Well, reſt yee quiet; Soueraigne on my knees
I beg your Highnes graunt to there requeſt:
Suppoſe them ſilly, ſimple, and your owne;
To ſhed their blood were iuſt, yet rigorous,
The praiſe of Kings is to prooue gracious.

Fer. True ſoule of honor, ſubſtance of my ſelfe,
Thy merit wins thee mercy, goe in peace,
Lay by your vniuſt armes, liue by your ſweate,
And in content the bread of quiet eate.

Om. God ſaue Duke *Ferdinand.*

Exunt.

Ier. Pray Father, forgiue me, and my man,
And my mans father by our ſingle ſelues;
For we haue bin the capitall offendors.

O. Stilt. I truely my Lord, we rais'd the reſurrection,

Fer. I pardon all; giue thee my Taſters place:
Honor this Prince that hath thus won you grace.

O. S. Y-S. God ſaue Duke *Ferdinand*, and Prince *Otho.*

Ier. I and me too.

O. *Stilt.* And Prince *Ierom* too; well ſon, ile leaue thee a Courtier ſtill, and get mee home to my owne deſolation, where ile labour to compell away exceſſity: and ſo fare yee well.

Exit.

Fer. This buſines ouer: worthy nephew *Charles*,
Let vs goe viſit the ſad *Saxon* Duke,
The mourning Hermet,
That through affection wrought his brothers fall.

Sarl. Ile wait your Highnes to that houſe of woe,
Where ſad miſchance ſits in a purple chayre,
And vnderneath her beetle cloudy browes
Smiles at vnlookt for miſchiefes; oh there

Do: h

Doth griefe vnpainted, in true ſhape appeare.
Fer. Shrill trumpets ſound a flouriſh
For the cryes of war are drownd.

Exit

Ier, Nay but cozen cozen, i'ſt not neceſſary I wait
Vpon myne owne father? and *Stilt* vpon me?
Sarl. It's moſt expedient, be obſequious.
Noe doubt his excellence will lihe that well.

Enter Lorrique like a French Doctor.

Lor. Dieu you guard Mounſieur.
Sarl. Welcome my friend, ha'ſt any ſuit to me?
Lor. Away Mounſieur, if you be the grand Prince
Legitimate of *Pruſſia*, I haue for tendre
To your Excellence de ſervice of one poore
Gentle home of Champaigne.
Sarl. I am not he you looke for gentlemen,
My cozen is the true and lawfull Prince.
Ier. I ſir I am the legitimate, and am able to entertayne
A gentleman though I ſay't and he be of any quality.
Sarl, Lorrique, now or neuer play thy part:
This Act is euen our Tragedies beſt hart.
Lor. Let me alone for plots, and villany,
Onely commend me to this foole the Prince.
Ier. I tell thee, I am the Prince, my cozen knowes it,
That's my cozen, this is *Stilt* my man.
Lor. A voſtree ſeruice Mounſieur moſt Genereux.
Sarl. Noe doubt he is ſome cunning gentleman
Your Grace may doe a deede befitting you
To entertaine this ſtranger.
Ier. It ſhall be done cozen; ile talke with him a little
And follow you, goe commend me to my father
Tell him I am comming, and Stilt, and this ſtranger, bee
mind'full cozen, as you will anſwere to my Princely in-
dignation.

Sarl,

Earl. Well ſir, I will be carefull, neuer doubt;
Now ſcarlet Miſtris from thicke ſable clouds
Thruſt forth thy blood-ſtaind hands, applaud my plot,
That giddy wonderers may amazed ſtand
While death ſmytes downe ſuſpectles *Ferdinand*.

Exit.

Stilt. Sweet Prince I ſcarce vnderſtand this fellow well, but I like his conceit in not truſting Prince *Otho*; you muſt giue him the remooue that's flat.

Lor. I be, gar, hee be choſe agen you, hee giue you good worde, ſo be dat, but he will haue one fiſgig or dra by gar for company on in principality be no poſſible.

Ier. Well, I apprehend thee, I haue a certaine Princely feeling in my ſelfe that he loues me not.

Stilt. Hold yee there my Lord, I am but a poore fellow and haue but a ſimple liuing left me; yet my brother were he a very naturall brother of mine owne, ſhould hee bee dopted, I would dopt him, and herrite him, i'le fit him.

Ier. I but how *Stilt*, but how?

Lor. By gar my Lord, I will tell you fine knacks, for make him kicke vp his heeles, and cry wee, or be gar I be hange, and ſo ſhall I be to, and for de grand loue I beare you, for de Lady *Iſabella's* sake your moſt tres-excellent Lady moder.

Ier. Didſt, thou know her French doctor? didſt thou?

Silt. I as beggars doe the Ladies that are their Almeſgiuers.

Lor. By gar you lye, like Iacknape, I loue de Lady. With a boone cœur, and for her ſake here take dis ſame, and dis ſame, put dis in de cup, where de competitor Prince *Otho* ſhall drinke; by gar it will poyſon him brauely.

Stilt. That were excellent my Lord, and it could be done, and noe body know on't.

Ier. I, but he alwaies drinkes in my Fathers cup.

Lor. I ſo let be, let de Duke drinke a de ſame.

Ier. What poyſon my father? noe, I like not that ſo well.

Lor.

Lor. You ſhall drinke too, and I too, and when wee boe ficke, as we ſhall haue a petit rumble in de belly; dan take a dis ſame, and giue your fadra dis: but your cozin none of it, and bygar noe body ſhall be dead, and kicka, and cry oh, but *Ostho*.

Stilt. That's excellent, maſter.

Ier. This is the poyſon then, and this is the medicine?

Lor. I dat be true.

Ier. Well Phiſttian, atrend in my chamber heere, till *Stilt* and I returne; and if I pepper him not, ſay I am not worthy to be cald a Duke, but a drawbatch.

Stilt. Farewell awe, and iebbit a vow; and wee ſpeede by thy practice wee'l ærufh a cup of thine owne country wine.

Lor. Goe ſpeede to ſpoyle yourſelues:
Doctor lie there, *Lorrique*; like thy ſelfe appeare
So now ile poſt vuto the Hermitage, and ſmile
While ſilly fooles act treaſon through my guile. *Exit.*

Actus quartus.

Enter Ferdinand and Sarlois, open a curtaine: kneele Saxony, the Hermet and Mathias: tapre burning.

Sarl. See Princely vncle the blacke dormitory,
Where *Auſtria* and Prince *Lodowick* are layd
On the cold bed of earth, where they muſt ſleepe
'' earth and and ayre, and ſea conſume by fire.

Fer. Their reſt be peace, their riſing glorious;
d mourners, giue your partners leaue to kneele,
d make their offertorie on this tombe,
at does containe the honourableſt earth
hat euer went vpright in *Germany*.

Sax. Welcome Duke *Ferdinand*, come, come, keele, kneele,
Thus should each friend anothers sorrow feele.
Sarl. Is *Lucibella* in this monument?
Rod. Noe, shee's recouer'd from death's violence;
But through her woundes and griefe distract of sence.
Sarl. Heauen helpe her, here she comes:

Enter Lucibella mad.

Rod. Kneele still, I pray.
Mat. Oh mee accurst! why liue I this blacke day?
Luc. Oh a sword, I pray you kill me not,
For I am going to the riuers side
To fetch white lillies, and blew daffadils
To sticke in *Lodowicks* bosome, where it bled,
And in mine owne; my true loue is not dead,
Noe y'are deceiud in him, my father is:
Reason he should, he made me run away;
And *Lodowick* too, and you *Mathias* too;
Alacke for woe, yet what a the remedy?
We must run all awaye: yet all must dye.
'Tis soe, I wrought it in a sampler,
'Twas heart in hand, and true loues knots and words,
All true stitch by my troth: the posie thus:
No flight deare loue but death, shall seuer vs;
Nor that did not neyther; he lies here does he not?
Rod. Yes louely madam, pray be patient.
Luc. I so I am, but pray tell me true,
Could you be patient, or you, or you, or you,
To loose a father and a husband too:
Yee could, I cannot; open, doore here hoe!
Tell *Lodowick*, *Lucibell* would speake with him;
I haue newes from heauen for him, he must not dy,
I haue rob'd *Prometheus* of his mooving fire:
Open the dore, I must come in, and will,
Ile beate my selfe to ayre, but Ile come in.

Sarl.

Sarl. Alas her tender hands ſmiting the ſtone
Beweepe their miſtris rage in teares of blood.
Ferd. Faire Lady be of comfort, t'is in vaine
To inuocate the dead to life againe.
San. I gentle Daughter be content, I pray,
Their fate is come, and ours is not, far off.
Mat. Here is a hand ouer my fate hath power,
And I now ſinke vnder the ſtroke of death,
But that a purer ſpirit fils my breſt
And guides me from the footſteps of diſpaire.
Sarl. A heauenly motion full of charity,
Your ſelfe to kil you ſelfe were ſuch a ſinne
As moſt diuines ho'd deadly.
Luc. I but a knaue may kill one by a tricke,
Or lay a plot, or ſoe, or cog, or prate,
Make ſtrife, make a mans father hang him,
Or his brother, how thinke you goodly Prince,
God giue you ioy of your adoption;
May not trickes be vſd?
Sarl. Alas poore Lady.
Luc. I thats true, I am poore, and yet haue things,
And goid rings, and amidſt the leaues greenes
Lord how dee, well I thanke god, why that's well,
And you my Lord, and you too; neuer a one weepe,
Muſt I ſhed all the teares? well he is gone,
And he dwells here ye layd, hot'le dwell with him,
Death, daſtard, Diuell, robber of my life
Thou baſe adulterer, that part'ſt man and wife
Come I defie thy darts.
Fer. O ſweet forbeare.
For pitties ſake a while her rage reſtraine.
Laſt ſhe doe violence vpon herſelfe.
Luc. O neuer feare me, there is ſomewhat cries
Within me noe; tels me there's knaues abroad

Bids mee be quiet, lay me downe and ſleepe
Good night good gentlefolkes, brother your hand,
And yours good father, you are my father now,
Doe but ſtand here, i'le run a little courſe
At baſe, or barley-breake, or ſome ſuch toye,
To catch the fellow, and come backe againe,
Nay looke thee now, let goe, or by my troth
Ile tell my *Lodowick* how yee vſe his loue:
Soe now god-buye, now god-night indeede:
Lie further *Lodowick*, take not all the roome,
Be not a churle, thy *Lucibell* doth come.

Exit.

Sax. Follow her brother, follow ſon *Mathias*,
Be careſull guardians of the troubled mayd:
While I conferre with Princely *Ferdinand*
About an embaſſie to *Auſtria*,
With true reports of there diſaſterous haps.
Mar. Well, I will bee her guardian and her guide,
By me her ſences haue bin weakned,
But i'le contend with charitable paine,
To ſerue her, till they be reſtord againe.

Exit.

Sarl. A vertuous, noble reſolution.
Fer. Worthy Prince *Rodorego*, when tempeſtuous woe
Abates her violent ſtorme, I ſhall haue time
To chide you for vnkindenes, that haue liu'd
In ſolitary life with vs ſo long.
Beleue me *Saxon* Prince you did vs wrong:
Rod. Would I might neuer liue in noe worſe ſtate;
For contemplation is the path to heauen.
My new converſing in the world is prou'd
Luckleſſe and full of ſorrow; fare-ye-well
My heauen alone all company ſeemes hell.

Exit.

Fer. My nephew call for wine my ſoule is dry.

Iam

I am ſad at ſight of ſoe much miſery.

Enter Ieron *and* Stilt, *with cup, towell, and wine.*

Sarl. Is the Dukes taſter there?

Ier. I am at hand with my office.

Sarl. Fill for the Duke good cozen, taſt it firſt.

Ier. I haue no minde to it *Stilt*, for all my antidote.

Stilt. I warrant you Maſter let Prince *Otho* drinke next;

Ier. Heere cozen, will you begin to my father?

Sarl. I thanke you kindly, i'le not be ſo bold,
It is your office; fill vnto my Lord.

Ier. Well god be with it, it's gon downe, and now ile ſend the medicine after; Father pray drinke to my coz: for he is ſoe manner lyet hat hee'l not drinke before you.

Stilt. Pray yee doe my Lord, for Prince *Otho* is beſt worthy of all this company to drinke of that cup, which and he doe, I hope he ſhall nere drinke more.

Fer. Good fortune after all this ſorrow *Saxony*.

Sax. O worthy *Ferdinand*, fortune and I are parted, ſhe has playd the minion with mee, turn'd all her fauours in to frownes, and in ſcorne rob'd mee of all my hopes, and in one houre o're-turnd mee from the top of her proud wheele.

Fer. Build on one fortune, ſhee's a fickle dame
And thoſe that truſt vnto her ſpheare are fooles.
Fill for his Excellence.

Ier. Here cozen for your Excellence, pray drinke you to the Duke of *Saxony*.

Sarl. Not I kind cozen, I liſt not to drinke.

Ier. Gods Lady, I thinke *Stilt*, wee are all vndone, for I feele a iumbling worſe and worſe.

Stilt. O giue the Duke ſome of the medicine.

Fer. What medicine talk'ſt thou of? what ayles my ſon?

Ier. O lord, father, and yee meane to be a liues man take ſume of this.

Fer. Why? this is deadly poyſon vnprepar'd.

Ier. True, but it was prepar'd for you and mee by an excellent fellow, a french Doctor?

Stilt. I, he is one that had great cõre of you.

For, Villaine what was he? drinke not *Sarely*
I doubt I am by treaſon poyſon'd.

Sarl. Heauen keepe that fortune from my dread Lords.

Enter Lorrique haſtily.

Lor. Treaſon ye Princes, treaſon to the liues
Of *Ferdinand* the Duke of *Pruſſia*
My Princely maſter! *Otho* of *Luningberg*

Sarl. Who ſhould intend vs treaſon?

Lor. This fond Prince.

Ier. Neuer to you Father, but to my cozen *Charles*; indeede I meant to poyſon him, but I haue pepperd my ſelfe.

Sarl. I neuer gaue thee cauſe.

Stilt. That's nothing to the purpoſe, but my Lord tooke occaſion by the councell of a French Doctor.

Sarl. Phyſitians for the Duke, my vncle faints.

Stilt. Surgeons for the Prince, my maſter falls.

Fer. Call no Phiſitians, for I feel't too late,
The ſubtill poyſon mingled with my blood
'Numbs all the paſſages, and nimble death
Fleetes on his purple currents to my heart.

Ier. Father, I am dying too, oh now I departe,
Be good to *Stilt* my man, he was acceſſary
to all this.

Stilt. I truely: was I ſir therefore I hope you'le be good to me, I helpt to mingle the poyſon as the French Doctor, and my maſter charged me.

Fer. What's that French Doctor?

Sarl. What's become of him?

Stilt. Wee left him in the court in my maſters cham-

ber,

bee.

Ier. I ſir woe worth him, farewell *Stilt*, farewell fathers
I aske you pardon with repentant eyes;
Fall ſtars, O *Stilt*, for thus thy maſter dyes.

mortuus

Fer. Take hence that maytor for the foole his man.

Stilt. I pray prouide for me ſir;

Fer. Let him be tortur'd, then vpon a wheele
broke like a trayt'or and a murderer.

Stilt. O lord ſir. I meant you noe hurt, but to Prince *Charles*

Sar. Away, diſturbe vs not with idle talke.

Stilt. Prouide quoth a! and you call this prouiding, pray let mee, prouide for my ſelfe, alas my poore father, hee'le creepe vppon crutches into his graue when, he heares his Proper'ſt *Stilt* is cut off by the ſtumpes.

Fer. Hence with that fellow.

Stilt. Pray, not ſoe haſty, you would ſcarce bee ſoe forward, and you were going as I am, to the gallowes.

Exeunt guard with Stilt.

Sarl. How cheares my royall vncle?

Fer. Like a ſhip that hauing long contended with
The waues, is at laſt with one proud billow
Smit into the ruthleſſe ſwallow of the ſea.
For thee alas I perceiue this plot was layde;
But heauen had greater mercy on thy youth,
And one my people, that ſhall finde true reſt
Being with a Prince ſo wiſe and vertuous bleſt.
Farewell moſt noble Iohn of *Saxony*,
Beare thy vnmatched griefe with a minde bent
Againſt the force of all temptations;
By my example Princely brother, ſee,
How vaine our liues and all our glories bee.

Sax. God for thy mercy! treaſon vpon treaſon,

How

How now yong *Otho* what art thou poyſon'd too?
Sarl. Would God I were, but my ſad ſtarrs reſerue
This ſimple building for extreamer ruine:
Oh that French doctor.
Lor. I that worſt of hell.
Nee torment ſhall content vs in his death.
Sax. Nay ſoft and faire, let him be taken firſt;
How now ſad brother, are you come to ſee
This Tragicke end of worthy *Ferdinand*?

Enter Roderigo.

Rod. I heard of it too ſoone, and come too late.
Sax. Well brother leaue the Duke, and waite on mee;
Mathias, and the heartgreiu'd *Lucibell*
Shall goe with vs to *Wittenberg*, and ſhun
That fatall land fild with deſtruction.
Rod. But *Lucibella* like a chaſed hinde
Flys through the thickets, and neglects the bryers,
After her runs your Princely ſon *Mathias*,
As much diſturbd, though not ſo much diſtract,
Vowing to follow her, and if he can,
Defend her from diſpairing actions.
Sax. And we will follow them, Prince *Otho* adue
Care goes with vs, yet we leaue griefe with you,
Interre your vncle, puniſh trayteurs crims,
Looke to your perſons theſe are dangerous time,
Exit Saxony and Roderigo.
Sarl. Lords take this body, beare it to the court,
And all the way ſound a ſad heauy march,
Which you may truly keepe,
A mournefull march indeed, when Kings are dead,
Goe on afore, ile ſtay awhile, and weepe
My tributary teares paid on the ground
Where my true ioy your Prince my vncle fell:

Ile follow to driue from you all diſtreſſe
And comfort you, though I be comfortles.
Art not thou plumpt with laughter my *Lorrique*,
Exeunt with the body. *A march.*

Lor. All this excellent, but worthy Lord,
There is a accident this inſtant chan[illegible]
Able to ouerthrow in one poore [illegible]
Aſwell your hopes as theſe aſſurance.

Sarl. Whats that *Lorrique*? what can fortune doe
That may diuert my ſtrain of pollicy.

Lor. You know all *Pruſſia* take you for the ſon
Of beautious Martha,

Sarl. I they ſuppoſe me to be *Otho* her ſon,
And ſon to that falſe Duke whom I will kill
Or curſe my ſtars

Lor. His ſtar is ſunke already, death and he
Haue vowed an endleſſe league of amity.

Sarl. Had I Briareus hands, i'de ſtriue with heauen
For executing wrath before the houre,
But wiſhes are in vaine, hee's gone.

Flouriſh.

Enter as many as may be ſpar'd, with lights, and make a lane kneeling while Martha the Dutcheſſe like a mourner with her traine paſſeth through.

Mar. Our ſon is ſomewhat ſlacke as wee conceiue
By this delaying, while our heart is fear'd,
And our eyes dim'd with expectation
As are the lights of ſuch as on the beach
With many a longing, yet a little proofe
Stand wayting the returne of thoſe they loue.

Enter Lorrique, falls on's knees.

Lord. His Excellence no doubt hath great affaires
But his familiar friend *Lorrique* is come.

Mar. kneele not Lorrique, I prethee glad my heart
With thy tongues true report of my ſon Otho,
Whome ſince his Princely Father is deceaſt
I am come from oppreſt with griefe
In perſon to ſalute him for our Duke.
Lor. Your mother like affection, and high care,
His Highnes doth return with duteous thankes
Deſiring pardon of your excellence,
In that he did not firſt ſalute your grace:
But diſmal accidents and bloody deeds,
Poyſoning treaſons, ioe diſturbe this ſtate
Chiefly this gentle mind ſince the late death
Of your right princely brother *Ferdinand*
That like the carefull Captaine of a band
He is compeld to bee the laſt in field;
Yet he proteſts by me, and I for him:
That no ſoft reſt ſhall enter his greeu'd eyes
Till he behold your preſence, more deſir'd
Then the large Empire of the wide earth;
Onely he prayes that you would take your reſt
For in your ſoft content his heart is bleſt.
Mar. Spread me a Carpet on the humble earth:
My hand ſhall be the pillow to my head,
This ſtep my bolſter, and this place my bed.
Lor. Your Highnes will take harme.
Mar. Nay, neuer feare.
A heart with ſorrow fild ſleepes any where,
Will our ſon come to night?
Lor. Madam hee will.
Mar. See our traine lodgd, and then *Lorrique* attend
For captaine of the guard; that wayt on vs,
Goe all away, no body ſtay with mee
Except our ſon, come if we chaunce to call,
Trouble vs not, god night vnto you all.
All with doing duty depart, and ſhe ſits downe hauing a candle by her, and reades.

Quo

Quo fugiat mortale genus? nil denique tutum eſt,
Crudelis nam mors omnia falce ſecat.
Nil durum, nil non mortis. penetrabile telis,
Omnia vi demit mors violenta ſua.

Tis true, the wiſe, the foole, the rich, the poore
The fayre, and the deformed fall; their life turnes
Ayre: the King and Captaine are in this alike,
None hath free hold of life, but they are ſtill
When death heauens ſteward comes, tennents at will.
I lay me downe, and reſt in thee my truſt,
If I wake neuer more, till all fleſh riſe
I ſleepe a happy ſleepe, ſin in me dyes.

Enter Hoffman, and Lorrique.

Hoff. Art ſure ſhe is a ſleepe!
Lor. I cannot tell, be not too haſty.
Hoff. She ſtirs not, ſhee is faſt.
Sleepe ſweet fayre Dutcheſſe, for thou ſleep'ſt thy laſt:
Endymions loue, muffle in cloudes thy face,
And all ye yellow tapers of the heauen
Vayle your cleare brightnes in Ciamerian miſtis;
Let not one light my blacke deed beautiſie;
For with one ſtroake vertue and honour dyes.
And yet we muſt not kill her in this kind:
Weapons draw blood, blood ſhed will plainely proue
The worthy Dutcheſſe, worthles of this death,
Was murderd, and the guard are witneſſes,
None enter'd but our ſelues.
Lor. Then ſtrangle her, here is a towell fit.
Hoff. Good: kneele and helpe, compaſſe her necke about,
Alas poore Lady thou ſleep'ſt here ſecure
And neuer dream'ſt of what thou ſhalt endure.
Lor. Nay, good my Lord diſpatch.
Hoff. What ruthleſſe hinde
Shall I wrong nature that did ne're compoſe

One of her ſexe ſo perfect? prethee ſtay,
Suppoſe we kill her thus about her necke,
Circles of purple blood will change the hue
Of this white porphirie and the red lines
Mixt with a deadly blacke, will tell the world
She dyed by viole[illegible]n t'will be inquir'd
And we held euer hatefull for the act.

Lor. Then place beneath her noſtrils this ſmall box
Conteyning ſuch a powder that hath power,
Being ſet on fire to ſuffocate each ſence
Without the ſight of wound, or ſhew of wrong.

Hoff. That's excellent, fetch fire, or doe not, ſtay:
The candle ſhall ſuffice, yet that burnes dim;
And drops his waxen teares as if it mourn'd
To be an agent in a deed ſo darke.

Lor. Will you confound your ſelfe by dotage ſpeake,
S'wounds ile confound her, and ſhee linger thus.

Hoff. Thou wer't as good, and better,—note my words:
Run vnto the top of dreadfull ſcarre,
And thence fall headlong on the vnder rocks,
Or ſet thy breſt againſt a cannon fir'd,
When iron death flies thence on flaming wings,
Or with thy ſhoulders, *Atlas* like attempt,
To beare the ruines of a falling tower,
Or ſwim the Ocean; or run quicke to hell;
(as dead aſſure thy ſelfe no better place)
Then once looke frowning on this angells face
Confound her? blacke confuſion be my graue
Whiſper one ſuch word more, thou dyeſt baſe ſlaue.

Lor. I haue done, ile honor her if you command.

Hoff. She ſtirs, and when ſhe wakes obſerue me well,
Sooth vp what ere I ſay, touching Prince *Otho*.

Mar. Prince *Otho*, is our ſon come? who's there *Lorique*?

Lor. What ſhall I anſwere her?

Mar. Whoſe that thou talkſt with?

Hoff.

Hoff. The moſt indebted ſeruant to your Grace
Of any creature vnderneath the Moone.
Mar. I prethee friend be brieſe, what is thy name?
I know thee not, what buſineſſe haſt thou here?
Art thou a meſſenger come from our ſon?
If ſo acquaint vs with the newes thou bring'ſt.
Hoff. I ſaw your Highnes ſon, *Lorrique* here knowes,
the laſt of any liuing.
Mar. Liuing? heauen helpe,
I truſt my ſon h'as no commerce with death.
Hoff. Your ſon noe doubt is well, in bleſſed ſtate.
Mar. My heart is ſmitten through thy anſwere,
Lorrique, where is thy gracious Lord?
Lor. In heauen I hope.
Hoff. True madam, he did periſh in the wracke
When he came firſt by ſea from *Lubecke* hauen.
Mar. What falſe impoſtor then hath mock't my care?
Abuſ'd my Princely brother *Ferdinand*?
Gotten his Dukedome in my dead ſons name?
Hoff. I grant him an impoſtor, therein falſe
But when your Highnes heares the circumſtance,
I know your wiſtdome and meeke piety
Will Iudge him well deſeruing in your eyes:
Mar. What can be ſayd now I haue loſt my ſon?
Or how can this baſe two-tongu'd hypocrite
Excuſe concealing of his maſters death.
Vnhappy *Martha*, in thy age vndone,
Robd of a husban'd, cheated of a ſon.
Hoff. Heare me with patience for that pitties ſake
You ſhewed my captiue body, by the teares
You ſhed, when my poore father dragd to death
Indur'd all violence at theyr hands:
By all the mercies powrd on him and me
That like coole rayne ſomewhat allayd the heate
Of our ſad torment and red ſufferings;
Here me but ſpeake a little to repay

With gratitude the fauours I receiu'd.
Mar. Art thou the luckleſſe ſon of that ſad man
Lord of Burtholme ſome time Admirall?
Hoff. I was his onely ſon, whom you set free,
Therefore ſubmiſſiuely I kneele and craue,
You would with patience heare your ſeruant ſpeake;
Mar. Be briefe, my ſwolne hart is at poynt to breake.
Hoff. I ſtood vpon the top of the high ſcarre,
Where I beheld the ſplitted ſhip let in
Deuouring ruine in the ſhape of waues,
Some got on Rafts, but were as ſoone caſt off
As they weare ſeated; many ſtrid the maſt,
But the ſeas working was ſoe violent,
That nothing could preſerue them from their fury,
They did and were intombed in the deepe.
Except ſome two the ſurges waſht a ſhore
Prince *Charles* being one, who on *Lorriques* backe
Hung with claſpt hands, that neuer could vnfold,
Mar. Why not aſwell as he *Lorrique* doth liue,
Or how was he found claſpt vpon his backe
Except he had had life to fold his hands.
Hoff. Madam, your Highnes errs in that conceite,
For men that dye by drowning, in their death,
Hold ſurely what they claſpe, while they haue breath.
Lor. Well he held mee, and ſunke me too.
Hoff. Ile witnes, when I had recouerd him,
The Princes head being ſplit againſt a Rocke
Paſt all recouer, *Lorrique* in deſperate rage,
Sought ſundry meanes to ſpoyle his new-gain'd life,
Exclayming for his maſter: curſing heauen,
For being vniuſt to you, though not to him,
For robbing you of comfort in your ſon:
Oh gratious Lady ſayd this grieued man
Could I but worke a meanes to cald me her griefe,
Some reaſonable courſe to keepe blacke care
From her white boſome; I were happy then;

But

But knowing this, her heart will ſinke with woe
And I am rank't with miſerableſt men,
Lor. I gods my witneſſe, theſe were my laments
Till *Hoffman* being as willing, as my ſelfe;
Did for his loue to you, that pittied him,
Take on him to be cald by your ſons name,
Which now he muſt refuſe except your Grace
Attept his ſeruice in Prince *Otho's* place,
Mar. If this that you proteſt be true, your care
Was like a long repriewe, the date worne out;
The execution of my woe is come,
And I muſt ſuffer it with patience:
Where haue you layd the body of my ſon?
Hoff. Within the chappell of an hermitage,
Some halfe a myle hence.
Mar. Ile build mee there a Cell,
Made like a tombe till death therein ile dwell:
Yet for thy wrongs yong man attend my words
Sice neyther *Ferdinand*, nor *Saxony*,
Haue any heires, to ſway their ſeuerall ſtates;
Ile worke what lies in me to make thee Duke,
And ſince thou art accepted for my ſon,
Attempting it onely to doe me good,
I here adopt thee myne: chriſten thee *Otho*,
Mine eyes are now the font, the water teares,
That doe baptize thee in thy borrowed name.
Hoff. I thanke your Highnes, and of iuſt heauen craue
The ground I wrong you in, may turne my graue.
Mar. Light's to our chamber, now our feares are paſt,
What we long doubted, is prou'd true at laſt.
Attend vs ſonne.

Exeunt Martha and Lorrique.

Hoff. Wee'l wait vpon your Grace.
Son, this is ſomewhat, this will beare the eyes
Of the rude vulgar, but this ſerues not me;
Dukedomes I will haue them, my ſword ſhall win,

if

If any interposer crosse my will,
But new made mother, ther's another fire
Burnes in this liuer lust, and hot desire,
which you must quench; must? I and shall; I know
Women will like how euer they say noe;
And since my heart is knit vnto her eyes
If she, being sanctimonious, hate my suit,
In loue this course ile take, if she denie;
Force her: true, soe: *si non blanditijs, vi.* *Exit.*

Actus quintus.

Enter Saxony, Rodorique, Mathias: seuerally.

Mat. Haue you not found her yet?
Sax. Not I,
Rod. Nor I.
Mat. Then I beleeue borne by her fits of rage
She ha's done violence to her bright fame,
And falne vpon the bosome of the Balt.
Sax. What reason leads yee to beleeue it, son?
Mat. I did perceiue her some halfe houre since
Clambring vpon the steepenes of the rocke,
But whether vp or downe I could not guesse
By reason of the distance.

Enter Lucibella with rich cloches,

Rod. Stand aside, she comes, let her not scape vs now.
Sax. What has shee got apparrell? I and rich,
Poore soule, shee in her idle lunacy
Hath tooke it from some house where t'will be mist.
Mat. Lets circle her about, least spying vs
She run away with wonted nimblenesse,

Fairest

Fayreſt well met.
Luc. Well ouertaken ſir.
Sax. What haue ye here?
Luc. And you to o heartely.
Rod I am ſure you know.
Luc. Why that's well, I like that, that you are well and you, and you: god buye.
Sax. Nay, nay you muſt not goe, wee'l hold you now.
Luc. Why that's well done, Pray come, ſee my houſe
I haue a fine houſe now, and goodly knacks
And gay apparrell; looke ye here, this is braue;
And two leane porters ſtaru'd for lacke of meat,
Pray let goe mine armes, looke here they bee.
Om. Oh horrid ſight!
Luc. Nay, neuer ſtart I pray; is it not like I keepe
A princely houſe, when I haue ſuch fat porters at my gate;
Sax: What ſhould this meane? why in this wood
So thicke, ſo ſolitary, and remote
From common road of men, ſhould theſe hang thus?
Brother your Hermitage is not far hence,
When knew you any execution here?
Rod. I neuer knew any, and theſe bones are greene;
This leſſe anatomy hath not hung long
The bigger, by the moſſe and drynes ſeemes
Of more continuance.
Mat What's on there heads?
Luc. why golden Crownes, my porters ſhall bee Kings,
And hide there barebones with theſe gay weeds.
Sarx. I doe remember the Admirall
Hoffman, that kept the Iland of Burtholme
Was by the Duke of *Pruſſia* adiudg'd
To haue his head ſear'd with a burning crowne,
And after made a bare Anatomy,
Which by his ſon was from the gallowes ſtolne;
Luc I, that ſame ſon of his, but where liues he
Sax. No doubt, he doth poſſeſſe ſome caue hard by.

Luc. Come, goe with me, ile ſhew you where he dwels,
Or ſome body ; I know not who it is ;
Here, looke, looke here, here is a way goes downe,
Downe, downe a downe, hey downe, downe.
I ſung that ſong, while *Lodowicke* ſlept with me.
Rod. This is ſome Cane, let's boldly enter in,
And learne the miſtery of that ſad ſight,
Come Lady, guide vs in, you know the way.
Luc. True, thats the way, you cannot miſſe the path ;
The way to death and black deſtruction
Is the wide way ; no body is now at home,
Or tarry, peraduenture here comes ſome will tell you more.

Enter Martha, and Lorrique.

Mar. Stand cloſe, this is *Lorrique*, I doe not know the
Lady comes with him.
Sax. I ha' ſeene that countenance.
Rod. Stand cloſe, I pray, my heart diuines,
Some ſtrange and horrid act will be reueald. (me ſo.
Luc. Nay that's moſt true, a fellow with a red cap told
And bad me keepe theſe cloathes, and giue them
To a faire Lady in a mourning gowne ;
Let goe my armes ; I will not run away.
I thanke you now, now you ſhall ſee mee ſtay,
By my troth I will, by my maidenhead I will.
Mar. Lorrique returne into the beaten path,
I ask't thee for a ſolitary plot,
And thou haſt brought me to the diſmal'ſt groue
That euer eye beheld, noe woodnimphes here
Seeke with their agill ſteps to outſtrip the Roe,
Nor doth the ſunſucke from the queachy plot
The rankues and the venom of the Earth
It ſeemes frequenteſſe for the vſe of men:
Some baſiliskes, or poyſonous ſerpents den!

Lorr

Lor. It is indeede an vndelightfull walke;
But if I doe not erre in my beleefe,
I thinke the ground, the trees, the rockes, the ſprings,
Haue ſince my Princely Maſter *Charles* his wracke
Appear'd more diſmall, then they did before,
In memory of his vntimeleſſe fall.
For hereabouts, hereabouts the place,
Where his fayre body lay deform'd by death
Here *Hoffmans* ſon, and I enbalm'd him
After we had concluded to deceaue
Your ſacred perſon, and Duke *Ferdinand*
By cauſing *Hoffman* to aſſume his name.
Sax. This is very ſtrange.
Luc. Nay tary, you ſhall heare all the knauery anon.
Mar. And where's the Chappell that you layd him in?
Lor. It's an old Chappell, neere the Hermitage:
Mar. But was the Hermet at his buriall?
Lor. Noe, *Hoffman* and I onely dig'd the graue
Play'd Prieſt and Clarke, to keepe his buriall cloſe?
Rod. Moſt admirable!
Sax. Nay, pray you peace.
Mar. Alas! poore ſon, the ſoule of my delights;
Thou in thy end wert rob'd of Funerall rites,
None ſung thy requiem, noe friend clos'd thine eyes,
Nor layd the hallowed earth vpon thy lips,
Thou wert not houſeled, neither did the bells ring
Bleſſed peales, nor towle thy funerall knell,
Thou wentſt to death, as thoſe that ſinke to hell;
Where is the apparrell that I bad him weare
Againſt the force of witches and their ſpells.
Lor. We buried it with him, it was his ſhroude,
The deſert woods noe fitter meanes allowd.
Luc. I thinke he lyes.
Now by my troth, that gentleman ſmels knaue.
Mar. Sweare one thing to me, ere we leaue this place;

Whether young *Hoffman* did the moſt he might
to ſaue my ſon.

Lor. By heauen it ſeemes hee did, but all was vaine
The flinty rockes had cut his tender ſcull,
And the rough water waſh't away his braine.

Luc. Lyer, lyer, licke diſh.

Mar. How now what woman's this? what men are theſe?

Luc. A poore mayden miſtris, ha's a ſuite to you,
And 'tis a good ſuite, very good apparrell.

Loe, heere I come a woing my ding, ding,
Loe, heere we come a ſuing, my darling,
Loe, heere I come a praying, to bidea, bidea.

How doe you Lady, well I thanke God, will you buy
a barganei pray, i'ts fine apparrell.

Mar. Run my liues blood, comfort my troubled heart,
That trembles at the ſight of this attire:
Lorrique, looke on them, knoweſt thou not theſe clothes?
Nor the diſtracted bringer? prethee ſpeake.

Lor. Ay me, accurſt and damn'd; I know them both;
The bringer is the *Auſtrian Lucibella*.

Luc. I, you ſay true, I am the very ſame,

Lor. The apparrell was my Lords, your Princely ſon's.

Mar. This is not ſea wet, if my ſon were drown'd
Then why thus dry is his apparrell found?

Lor, O me accurſt, o miſerable me?
Fall heauen, and hide my ſhame, gape earth, riſe ſea,
Swallow, orewhelme me, wherefore ſhould I liue,
The moſt perfidious wretch that euer breath'd,
And baſe conſenter to my deare Lords death.

Luc. Nay, looke you heere, do you ſee theſe poore ſtaru'd
ghoſts; can you tell whoſe they be?

Mar. Alas! what are they? what are you that ſeeme
In ciuill habits to hide ruthleſſe hearts;
Lorrique, what are they? what wilt thou attempt?

Helpe

Helpe Gentlemen, if yee be Gentlemen,
And ſtay this fellow from diſpayring iſſ.
Lor. I was ordain'd vnto perdition, ſtay me not;
For when yee know the miſchiefes I haue done,
(at leaſt, conſented to, through coward feare)
You would not ſtop me, if I skipt in quicke
To that blacke, bottomleſſe and ruthleſſe, gulph,
Where euerlaſting ſorrowes like linkt chaynes
Feſter the wretched in eternall night.
Mar. what haſt thou done?
Luc. Knauery I warrant you, tell truth and ſhame the Diuell my boy, doe, and thou ſhalt haue a fine thing by and by.
Sax. I take your Highnes for that reuerend Dutches Late wife vnto the Duke of *Pruſſia*.
Mar. I am the wretched childleſſe widdow ſir.
Lor. Princeſſe heare me, and I will briefely tell
How you came childleſſe, you brotherleſſe,
You husbandleſſe, and fatherleſſe, all, all,
Ile tell you, hauing ended, act my fall.
Mar. Well, forward;
Lor. Be it ſoe, I haue deſeru'd a greater cruelty,
To bee kept liuing when I long to dye.
Mar. I charge thee ſetting by all circumſtance,
Thou vtter what thou knoweſt: my heart is ſteele,
Nor can it ſuffer more then it doth feele.
Lor. Then thus, Prince *Charles* and I eſcap't the wracke,
Came ſafe a ſhore to this accurſed plot,
Where we met *Hoffman*, who vpon yon tree
Preſeru'd his fathers bare anatomy,
The biggeſt of them two were thoſe ſtrong bones
That acted mighty deeds.
Hoffman the ſon full of reuenge and hate,
'Gainſt euery hand that wrought his fathers hurt,
Yet guilded ore his enuie with faire ſhewes,
And entertain'd vs with as friendly termes

As falſhood could inuent; and 'tis well knowne:
Bitter deceit vſeth the ſweeteſt ſpeech.
At length he tooke aduantage, bound my Lord,
And in a chayne tyed him to yonder rocke,
While with a burning Crowne he ſeard in twaine
The purple Veynes, ſtrong ſinewes, arteries, uerues,
And euery cartilage about the head,
In which ſad torment the mild Prince fell dead.
Mar. Did *Hoffman* this? and thou conceal'ſt the deed?
Lor. Pardon my feare, Dread Madam.
Mar. well, goe on, I am confident to heare all cruelty,
And am reſolu'd to act ſome, if noe hand
Will elſe attempt the murderers end, but mine.
Lor. Be patient; you will finde aſſociates:
For there are many murderers more behinde.
Mar. what did hee with the body of my ſon?
Lor. Buried the fleſh, the bones are they that hang
Cloſe by his fathers.
Mar. Let them hang a while
Hope of reuenge in wrath doth make mee ſmile.
Luc. Pray let him tell the reſt.
Lor. This acted, *Hoffman* forc't me to conceale
The murder of my Lord, and threatned more
Then death by many torments, till I ſwore
To call him *Otho*, and ſay he was your ſon:
I ſwore and kept my oath.
Rod. O Heauen.
Sax. O Diuell.
Luc. Nay, I pray you peace.
Lor. Then ſent he me for you, and you he ſent,
Or as I beſt remember, lead you on
Vnto the Chappell porch, where hee himſelfe
Appointed them to ſtay, and there you know
What hapned in your wrath.
Luc. To me a ſleepe,
And to my harmleſſe *Lodowick* in my armes;

Mar.

Mat. On on, that deed is writ among the acts of guilt:
A brothers ſword a brothers life blood ſpilt.
Sax. Proceed, what's next? kild he not *Auſtria*?
Lor. He did.
Luc. O villaine did he kill my Father?
And make my brother kill my husband too?
Sax. Goe forward.
Lor. After all thoſe hated murders
He taught the fooliſh prince in the diſguiſe
Of a French Doctor to prepare a poyſon,
Which was the death of Princely *Ferdinand*:
Next plot hee purpos'd your graces death,
And had opposd my ſtrength of my teares,
You had bin murder'd as you lay a ſleepe.
Sax. Let's heare no more, ſeeke out the hated wretch,
And with due torture let his life be fore'd
From his deſpiſed body.
Rod. Doe I pray.
Sax. All the Land will helpe,
And each man be a inſtice in this act.
Mar. Well, I that neuer knew reuenges power,
Haue entertaind her newly in my breſt:
Determine what's to doe. (*wick* a ſleepe
Luc. Euen what you will; would I were with my *Lodo-*
In the Elizian fieldes, where no feares dwell;
For earth appeares as vile to me as hell.
Lor. Let me be Prologue to your ſcene of wrath,
And as the Romane Cateline reſolu'd
His doubtfull followers by exhauſting blood
From the liue body, ſo draw mine, caſt mine
Vpon the troubled and offended earth;
Offer blood fit for an infernall ſacrifice,
Wine is not powr'd but on celeſtiall offrings:
Therefore I aduiſe you
As you hope to thriue in your reuenge, ſmite me.

That haue bin pander to this iniury.
Mar. Thou merit'ſt death indeede.
Mat. Stay iudge him not, let me a little plead in his excuſe,
And this one ſentence ſerues; a manompel'd
To euill acts, cannot be iuſtly held
A wilfull malefactor; the law ſtill
Lookes vpon the deede, ne're on the will:
Beſides although I grant the matter ſmall
And very ſafe to rayſe a multitude,
That by their power might ceaze the murderer,
Yet two eſpeciall reaſons croſſe that courſe:
Firſt: many hauing notice of our plot,
One babling tongue may vtter out intent,
And *Hoffman* being warn'd is ſurely arm'd
Hauing the fort and treaſure in his powre,
And be his cauſe more then notorious ill,
He may with gold maintaine it at his will
Scape vs, for no doubt hee's full of ſleights:
Beſides, Reuenge ſhould haue proportion,
By ſlye deceit he acted euery wronge,
And by deceit I would haue him intrapt;
Then the reuenge were fit, iuſt, and ſquare,
And t'would more vex him that is all compos'd
Of craft and ſubtilty to be outſtript
In his owne faſhion, then a hundred deaths.
Therefore by my aduice pardon *Lorrique*
Vpon condition, that he lay ſome plot
To intercept the other.
Om. We are agreede.
Lor. Your mercy doth all bounds of hope exceed,
And if you will repoſe that truſt in me,
By all the proteſtations truth can make,
Before the Sun haue run his mid-dayes courſe,
I will to morrow yeeld him to your handes.
Sax. Shew vs the meanes.

Lor. The meanes is in the Dutcheſſe pollicy.
If ſhe can ſmooth the murder but a while.
Mar. Ile turne deceit to ouerthrow his fraud.
Lor. Then with faire words his flatteries entertayne,
And when he doth importune yon for loue,
Deſire him firſt to ſhew you the firſt place,
Where he beheld Prince *Charles* after the wracke
Say you haue earneſtly entreated me,
But I haue lead you in a labyrinth
Of noe effect; he full of heate and luſt,
Glad of occaſion will no doubt alone
Conduct yon to this fatall horrid caue,
Thinking by force, or fayre meanes, to attaine
His falſe hearts longing, and your honors ſtayne;
But being in the height of his baſe pride,
The Duke, the Hermet, *Lodowick*, and my ſelfe,
Will change his pleaſures into wretched
And redeemeleſſe miſery.
Sax. The plot is good, Madam, are you agreed?
Mar. To any thing how euer deſperate.
Luc. I but by your leaue, Lady, and Lords all, what if
This knaue that has bin, play the knaue ſtill,
And tell tales out of ſchoole; how then?
Lor. I know not what to ſweare by; but noe ſoule
Longs for the ſight of endleſſe happineſſe,
With more deſire, then mine thirſts for his death:
By all the gods that ſhall giue ill men life,
I am reſolu'd chiefe agent in his end.
Mat. We credit thee, ioyne hands, and ring him round,
Kneele, on his head lay our right hands, and ſweare
Vengeance againſt *Hoffman*.
Om. Vengeance, vengeance, fall
On him, or ſuddaine death vpon vs all.
Sax Come, part, we to the caue,
You to the Court:
Iuſtice dig murthers graue.

Exit Lorrique and Martha.

Luc. Nay, Ile come, my wits are mine agen
Now faith growes firme to puniſh faithleſſe men.
Exeunt.

Enter Hoffman, and all the traine that attended the Dutcheſſe firſt.

Hoff. Not to be found? hell which way is ſhe gon?
Lord. Her Highnes charg'd vs to call you her ſon,
The miſtery we know not, but we know,
You are not Princely *Otho* of Luningberg.
Hoff. Noe matter what I am; tell me the way ſhe went
With that *Lorrique*; ſpeake, or by heauen
Hell ſhall receiue you all.

Enter Martha, and Lorrique.

Lord. Be not in rag'd ſhe comes,
And with her comes truſty *Lorrique.*
Hoff. Madam, I fear'd you, and my heart was ſicke,
With doubt ſome ouer-deſperate accident
Had drawne you to the melancholy pathes,
That lye within the verge of this rough ſcarre.
Mar. Your doubt was but an Embrio; I indeed
Deſir'd *Lorrique* to bring me to the place
Where you beheld the ſhipwracke of my ſon;
And he hath led me vp and downe the wood,
But neuer brought me to the fatall beach,
Hoff. It were not fit you ſhould ſee the ſad place,
That ſtill ſeemes diſmall ſince the Princes death.
Lord. Dead? is our ſoueraigne Lord the Prince dead?
Mar. Inquire no more of that, I will anon
Reſolue you of his fate, this time forbeare,
Eſteeme this gentleman your Lord and Prince.

Lord

Lor. Wee hold him ſoe, ſith you command vs ſo.
Hoff. Will you goe forward, Madam? (morrow
Mar. Willingly, ſoe you will promiſe mee to walke to
And ſee the Earth that gently did receiue
My ſons wrack't body from the churliſh ſome.
Hoff. Ile wayt vpon your Grace, ſet forward there,
Trickes, and deuices ! longings ! well 'tis good :
Ile ſwim to my deſires, through ſeas of blood.
Exeunt.

Lor. Fox you'l be taken, hunter you are falne
Into the pit you dig'd; I laught to ſee
How I out-ſtrip the Prince of villany.
Hoffman for me told ſuch a ſmoothing tale,
That had not this ſtrange accident befalne
In finding of the caue; I had bin held
More deere then euer, in the Dutcheſſe eyes:
But now ſhee'l hold me hard, what ere ſhe ſay,
Yet is her word paſt that ſhee'l pardon me,
And I haue wealth hoor'd vp which ile beare
To ſome ſtrange place: rich men liue any where.

Enter Hoffman.

Hoff. What? are you gadding ſir? what mooues your flight?
Coyne not excuſes in your crouching come,
What cauſe haue you to flie and ſeeke ſtrange hoords
For your wealth gotten by my liberall gift?
Lor. And my deſert, my Lord.
Hoff. Well be it your deſert;
But what's the cauſe you'l flye this country?
Lor. As I liue, my Lord, I haue noe ſuch intent;
But with your leaue, I was debating things,
As if it ſhould chaunce thus, and thus, why then
'Twere better be far of, but otherwiſe
My loue, and life, low at your ſeruice lye.
Hoff. You are a villaine damn'd as low as hell;
An hypocrite, a fawning hypocrite:

I know thy heart, come Spaniell vp, ariſe,
And thinke not with your antickes and your lies
To goe beyond mee, you haue play'd the ſlaue,
Betrayd me to the Dutcheſſe, told her all,
Diſappointing all my hopes with your baſe tongue,
Orecurn'd the height of my intendments,
For which ile hurle thee from my mountaine wracke,
Into the lowſt Caueme of pale death.
Lor. Alas my Lord forbeare, let me be heard.
Hoff. Thou haſt betrayd me, therefore neuer talke.
Lor. By heauen ——
Hoff. O hell! why ſhould'ſt thou thinke on heauen.
Lor. Stay, and beleeue me, thinke you I am mad,
Soe great a foe to my owne happy chaunce,
When things are ſorted to ſo good an end,
That all is hid, and we held in regard:
After ſuch horrid, and perfidious acts,
Now to betray my ſelfe; be reaſonable,
And thinke how ſhallow ſuch an act would ſeeme
In me, chiefe agent in ſo many ills.
Hoff. Thou haſt a tongue as glib and ſmooth to lyes,
As full of falſe inuentions, and baſe fraud,
As prone to circumuent beleeuing ſoules,
As euer heretique or traytor vſd,
Whoſe ſpeeches are as hony, their acts gall,
Their words rayſe vp, but their hands ruine all.
Lor. By vertues glorious ſoule.
Hoff. Blaſphemer peace, ſweare not by that thou hat'ſt;
Vertue, and thou haue no more ſympathie,
Then day with night, Heauen with Hell.
Thou knoweſt, I know thy Villanyes excell
Lor. Why then by villany, by blood, by ſleightes,
By all the horrours tortures can preſent,
By Hell, and by reuenges purple hand
The Dutcheſſe had no conference with me,

But

But onely a deſire to ſee the place
That firſt receiu'd her ſon, whom ſhe beleeues
The vnrelenting waues and flinty rocks,
Had ſeuer'd from ſweet life after the wracke.
Hoff. May I beleeue thee ?
Lor. Haue I fayld you yet ?
Meaſure my former acts, and you ſhall find
My ſoule allyed to yours, wholly eſtrang'd
From all I euer lou'd.
Hoff. Noe more, haue done.
Tha'ſt won me to continue thee my friend;
But I can tell thee ſomewhat troubles me,
Some dreadfull miſaduenture my ſoule doubts,
And I conceiue it with noe common thought,
But a moſt potent apprehenſion;
For it confounds imaginary ſence,
Sometimes inflames my blood, another while
'Numbs all the Currents that ſhould comfort life,
And I remayne as 'twere a ſenceles ſtone.
Lor. Come, come, I know the cauſe, you are in loue,
And to be ſoe, is to be any thing.
Doe you not loue the Dutcheſſe ?
Hoff. Yes, I doe.
Lor. Why there's the matter, then, be ruld by me,
To morrow morning ſhe deſires to ſee
The ſhore, that firſt receiu'd her ſea-wrackt ſon,
And to be vnaccompained ſhe loues;
Except ſome one or two, you and I:
Now when you haue her neare your diſmal *I* caue,
Force her, I dot man, make no ſcruple do't,
Elſe you ſhall neuer win her to your bed:
Doe a mans part, pleaſe her before ſhe goe,
Or if you ſee, that ſhe turnes violent,
Shut her perpetuall priſoner in that den;
Make her a Philomel, proue Tereus:
Do't, neuer feare it.

Hoff. Why ſhe will be miſt.
Lor. By whom? by fooles, groſſe, dull, thicke ſighted fooles,
whom euery miſt can blinde, I'le ſway them all,
With exclamation that the grieued Dutcheſſe
when ſhe beheld the ſea that drownd her ſon,
Stood for a while like weeping *Niobe*,
As if ſhe had bin ſtone: and when we ſtriu'd
With milde perſwaſions to make leſſe her woe
She madder then the wife of *Athamas*
Leap't ſuddenly into the troubled ſea,
Whoſe ſurges greedy of ſoe rich a prey,
Swallowed her vp, while we in vaine exclaym'd
'Gainſt Heauen and hell, 'gainſt fortune and her fate.
Hoff. Oh my good villaine! how I hug thy plots,
This ſhall be done, ſhee's mine: run ſwift ſlow houres,
Make a ſhort night haſten on day apace,
Rough armes waxe ſoft ſoft beauty to embrace.
Lor. Why ſoe, now your feare will quickly end,
Hoff. Thou wilt not talke of this?
Lor. Will I be hang'd?
Nee're take me for a blab, you'l finde me none.
Hoff. I haue a nother ſecret, but ——
Lor. Come what iſt? come, this breſt is yours,
My heart's your treaſury.
Hoff. Thou muſt be ſecret, 'tis a thing of weight
concernes thee neere.
Lor. Were it as neere as life, come, pray ſpeake.
Hoff. Hearke in thine eare, I would not haue the ayre
Be priuy to this purpoſe, wilt thou ſweare?
Lor. What? to bee ſecret? if the leaſt iot I tell
Let all my hopes ſinke ſuddenly to hell.
Hoff. Thou haſt thy wiſh, downe villaine, keepe this cloſe.
Lor. Vnthankefull murtherer, is this my meede?
Oh ſlaue, tha'ſt kild thy heart in wounding mine,
This is my day, to morrow ſhall be thine.
Hoff. Goe foole, now thou art dead, I need not feare.

Yet

Yet as thou wert my ſeruant iuſt and true,
Ile hide thee in the ditch :giue dogs there due,
He that will proue a mercenary ſlaue
To murder,ſeldome findes ſoe good a graue,
Hee's gone, I can now ſpare him, *Lorrique* farewell;
Commend me to our friends thou meet'ſt in hell:
Next plot for *Mathias* and old *Saxony*,
There ends ſhall finiſh our blacke tragedy.

Exit.

Enter Saxony, and Mathias.

Sax. How little care had we to let her 'ſcape,
Eſpecially on this ſo needfull time,
When we are vowed to wayt vpon reuenge.
Mat. Noe doubt our vncles care will keepe her ſafe,
Nor is ſhe in her fits ſo violent
As ſhe was wont,looke where my
Vncle comes, ſuſtayning with one hand
A dying man, and one the other ſide,
Fayre *Lucibell* ſupports the fainting body.

Enter Rodorique, and Lucibell leading Lorrique.

Luc. Looke you here, you maruai'ld why I went,
Why this man drew me vnto him, can you helpe
Him now. *Hoffman* has hought him too.
Saz. Brother who iſt you bring thus aſhe pale;
I'ſt not *Lorrique*;
Lor. I am, and 'tis in vayne to ſtriue for longer hope.
I cannot,onely be prouident; I greatly feare
The murdrous traytor out of meere ſuſpect
Will plot ſome ſtratagem againſt the life
Of the chaſt Dutcheſſe, help her what you can,
Againſt the violence of that wicked man.
Rod Haſt thou not told him, what we doe intend?

Lor.

Lor. Noe, as heauen help mee in my wretched end,
Be confident of that, now I muſt fall
Neuer agen to riſe, you know his wrongs:
Be carefull Princes to reuenge them all. *Lord dies.*
Luc. Well, farewell fellow, thou art now paid home
For all thy counceling in knauery,
Good Lord! what very fooles are very knaues!
There cunning bodies often want due graues.
Sax. Son, daughter, brother, follow my aduice,
Let vs noe longer keepe this hatefull plot,
Leaſt we be circumuented.
Rod. True, 'tis to put on open armes.
Mat. Tis now too late, we are beſet
With ſouldiers, we muſt fight, and ſince it muſt be;
Let's to't valiantly.

Enter Dutcheſſe: Lord, with ſouldiers.

Lord. Princes prepare not to reſiſt your foes,
Wee are as firme as life vnto your blood.
The Dutcheſſe *Maxtha* greetes old *Saxony*,
Prince *Mathias*, *Rodorick*, and fayre *Lucibell*:
To me ſhe hath diſcouer'd the damnd plots
Of that perfidious *Hoffman*, and hath ſent
Theſe armed ſouldiers, to attend on you.
Sax. We thanke her Highnes, but we thinke in vaine
Both you and we attend; *Lorrique* lyes ſlaine
By *Hoffmans* ſlye ſuſpition; beſt be ioyn'd
To apprehend him publiquely.
Lord. There is no need, our Dutcheſſe hath apparrel'd
Her ſpeech in a greene liuery,
She ſalutes him faire, but her heart
Like his actions, is attir'd
In red, and blew, and ſable ornaments.
Sax. But 'tell vs where they are?
Lord. At hand ſhe comes, with him alone her plot is,

ſh

She comes in happy time for all your good.
Mat Ceaſe words, vſe deedes
Reuenge drawes nigh.
Sax. Come ſet his body like a ſcarcrow,
This buſh ſhroud you, this you,
Stand cloſe true ſouldiers, for reuenge.
Luc. I: doe, doe, doe, I pray you heartely doe,
ſtand cloſe.

Enter Hoffman and Dutcheſſe.

Hoff. I wonder much why you aske me for *Lorrique*,
What is Lorrique to you, or what to me?
I tell you he is damn'd, enquire no more,
His name is hatefuller then death.
Mar. Heauen! what alterations theſe!
Can I beleeue you loue mee as you ſwore,
When you are ſo inconſtant to your friend?
Hoff. He is noe friend of mine whom you affect,
Pardon me Madam, ſuch a fury raignes
Ouer my boyling blood, that I enuy
Any one on whom you caſt anamorous eye.
Mar. What growne ſo louing? marry heauen defend,
Wee ſhall deceiue you if you dote on vs,
For I haue ſworne to lead a widdowes life,
And neuer more to be tearm'd married wife.
Hoff. I, but you muſt.
Mar. Muſt? vſe not force, I pray.
Hoff. Yeild to my loue, and then with meekeſt words
And the moſt humble actions, ile intreat
Your ſacred beauty; deny me? ile turne fire,
More wild then wrath, come then agree,
If not to marry, yet in vnſeene ſports
To quench theſe Lawleſſe heates that burne in me.
Mar. What my adopted ſon become my louer?
And make a wanton minion of his mother?
Now fie vpon you fie y'are too obſceane

If like your words, your thoughts appeare vncleane,
Hoff. By heauen I doe not ieaſt, goe to, beliue me,
'Tis well you laugh; ſmile on, I like this:
Say, will you yeild?
Mar. At the firſt? fie noe.
That were an abiect courſe, but let vs walke
Into ſome couert, there are pretty caues,
Lucky to louers ſuites, for Virgil ſings;
That Dido being driuen by a ſharpe ſtorme
Into a Lybian caue, was there intic'd
By ſiluer-tongu'd Æneas to affect;
And ſhould you ſerue me ſoe, I were vndone,
Diſgrac'd in *Germany* by euery Boore,
Who in their rymes woud ieſt at *Marthas* name
Calling her mynion to her cozen ſon.
Hoff. Fayrer then Dido, or loues amorous Queene;
I know a caue, wherein the bright dayes eyes
Look't neuer but a skance through a ſmall creeke,
Or little cranny of the fretted ſcarre;
There I haue ſometimes liu'd, there are fit ſeates,
To ſit and chat, and coll, and kiſſe, and ſteale
Loues hidden pleaſures, come, are you diſpoſd
To venter entrance? if you be, aſſay,
'Tis death to quicke deſire, vſe no delay.
Mar. Vertue and modeſty bids me ſay noe,
Yet truſt me *Hoffman* tha'rt ſo ſweet a man,
And ſo belou'd of me, that I muſt goe.
Hoff. I am crown'd the King of pleaſure.
Mar. Hatefull ſlaue, thou goeſt to meete deſtruction in thy caue.
Hoff. S'death who ſtands here?
What's that? *Lorriques* pale ghoſt?
I am amaz'd: nay ſlaue ſtand of:
Thy weapons ſure, the prize is ours.
Mar. Come forth deere friends, murder is in our powers
Sax. Yeild thee, baſe ſon of ſhame.

Hoff.

Hoff. How now whats here? am I betrayd?
By dotage, by the falſhood of a face?
Oh wretched foole faine by a womans hand
From high reuenges ſpheare, the bliſſe of ſoules.
Sax. Cut out the murtherers tongue.
Hoff. What doe you meane?
Whom haue I murder'd; wherefore bind yee me;
Mar. They are Iuſtices to puniſh thy bare bones,
Looke with thy blood-ſhed eyes on theſe bare bones,
And tell me that which dead Lorrique confeſt
Who iſt thou villained that leaſt? who waſt?
Hoff. Why Otho thy ſons, and that's my fathers by him.
Mar. O mercileſſe and cruell murtherer
To leaue me childleſſe.
Luc. And mee husbandleſſe.
Mat. Me brotherleſſe. oh ſmooth tongu'd hypocrite
How thou didſt draw me to my brothers death.
Sax. Talke nne more to him, he ſeekes dignity,
Reaſon he ſhould receaue his deſperate hire,
And weare his crowne made flaming hot with fire:
Bring forth the burning crowne there.

Enter a Lord with the Crowne

Hoff, Doe old dog, thou helpſt to worry my dead Father
And muſt thou kill me too? 'tis well, 'tis fit,
I that had ſworne vnto my fathers ſoule
To be reueng'd on *Auſtria*, *Saxony*,
Pruſſia, *Luningberg*, and all there heires:
Had prosper'd in the downefall of ſome fiue;
Had onely three to offer to the fiends,
And then muſt fall in loue; oh wretched eyes
That haue betray'd my heart; bee you accurſt;
And as the melting drops run from my brows,
Soe fall they on the ſtrings that guide your heart
Whereby their oylye heat may cracke them firſt,
I, ſoe, boyle on thou fooliſh idle braine,
For giuing entertainement to loues thoughts.

A man resolu'd in blood, bound by a vow
For noe lesse vengeance, then his fathers death,
Yet become amorous of his foes wife!
Oh sin against all conceit! worthy this shame
And all the tortures that the world can name.
Mar. Call vpon heauen, base wretch, thinke on thy soule.
Hoff. In charity and prayer
To repose without charity.
Sax. We pardon thee, and pray for thy soules health.
Hoff. Soe doe not I for yours, nor pardon you;
You kild my father, my most warlike father,
Thus as you deale by me, you did by him;
But I deserue it that haue slackt reuenge
Through fickle beauty, and a womans fraud;
But Hell the hope of all dispayring men,
That wring the poore, and eate the people vp,
As greedy beasts the harvest of their spring:
That Hell, where cowards haue their seats prepar'd,
And barbarous sasses, such as haue rob'd souldiers of
Reward, and punish true desert with scorned death.

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